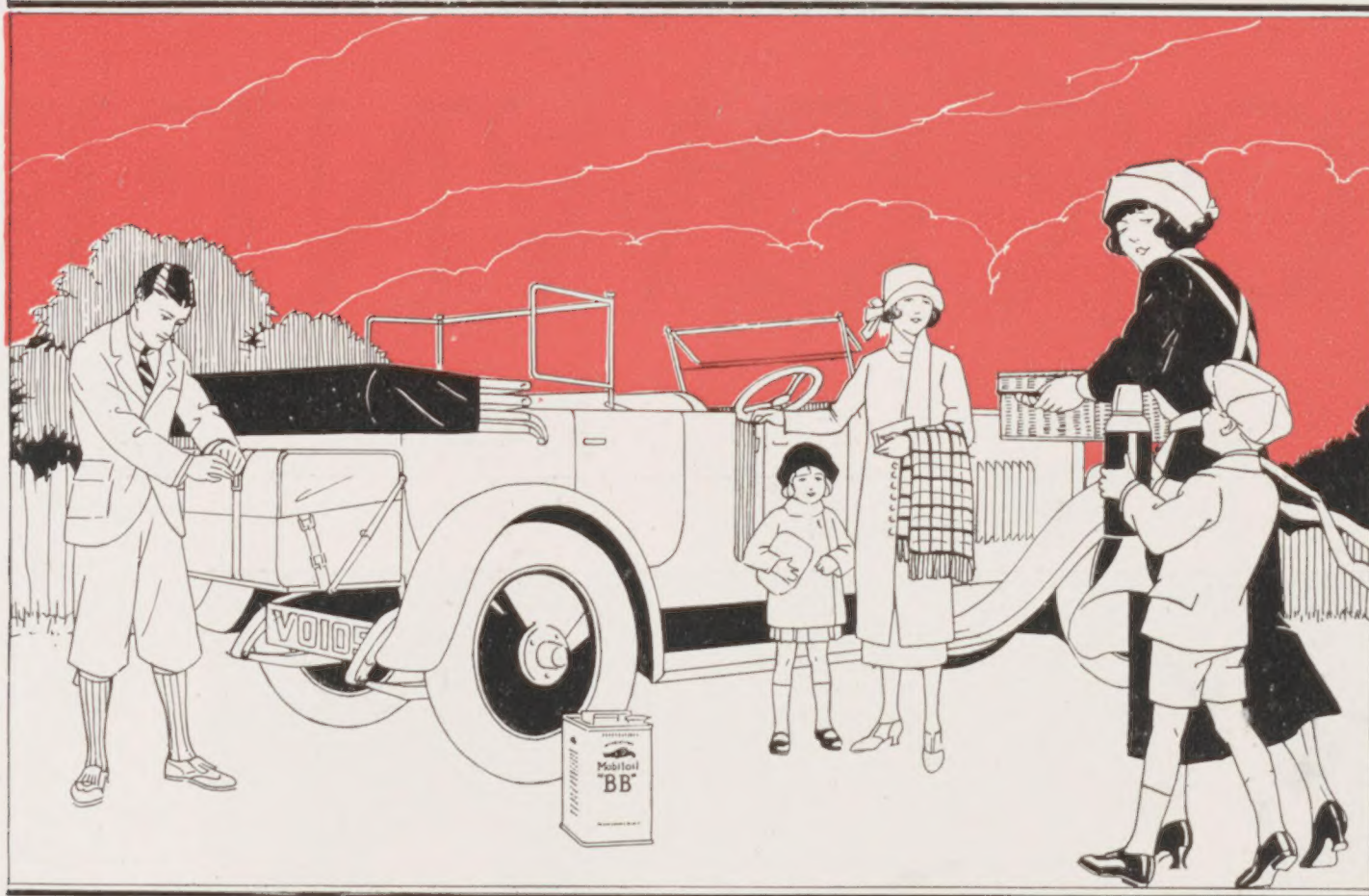


# *The* MOTOR OWNER







# Fresh Oil for Summer Touring

Continual use of the air choke, doping and imperfect vaporization of the fuel during the cold months of the year, bring about dilution of the engine oil.

Do not start the touring season with diluted oil and sediment in your crank case; drain it off and replenish with clean, fresh Mobiloil of the correct grade for your engine. The use of oil of poor quality; oil of the wrong body for the engine; failure to provide sufficient oil or to change the oil in the crank case regularly; any one of these things places your bearings in danger of being burned out with all the attendant expense and days of service lost.

Attention to lubrication at the right time may spell the difference between a care-free touring season and one dogged by misfortune.

Make our Chart of Recommendations your guide. If your car is not included in the partial chart shown here, refer to the complete Chart of Recommendations at your garage, or send for our booklet "Correct Lubrication" which gives a full list of Recommendations and other valuable information to the motorist.

Motor Cyclists should read our booklet "Correct Lubrication for Motor Cycles" which will gladly be sent, post free, on request.



**Mobiloil**  
Make the Chart your Guide

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1  
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# VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

## Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION)

### MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

**How to Read the Chart:**  
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"  
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arc"  
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"  
TT means Gargoyle Mobiloil "TT"  
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.C., 4-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 6-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alvis ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Arrol-Johnston ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	A	A	BB	A
Belsize, 9 h.p. (Bradshaw Model) ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Belsize, 15 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Belsize (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bentley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
B.S.A., 10 h.p. ...	B	BB	B	BB	B	BB	B	BB
B.S.A., 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B.S.A. (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. ...	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Calcott (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet ...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Citroen, "Caddy" ...	A	A	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crosley, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Crosley (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ...	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant Four ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant Rugby ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Enx ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ...	BB	E	BB	E	BB	E	BB	E
Galloway ...	BB	E	BB	E	BB	E	BB	E
G.W.K. ...	BB	E	BB	E	BB	E	BB	E
H.E. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hotchkiss ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hudson Super Six ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambda) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland 13.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, "Quad" ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Renault, 8.3 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Salmon ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 15.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star, 20/50 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (8 Cyl.) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Unic ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 10 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. ...	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Vulcan (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolsley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

**GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE**  
Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

### REMEMBER:

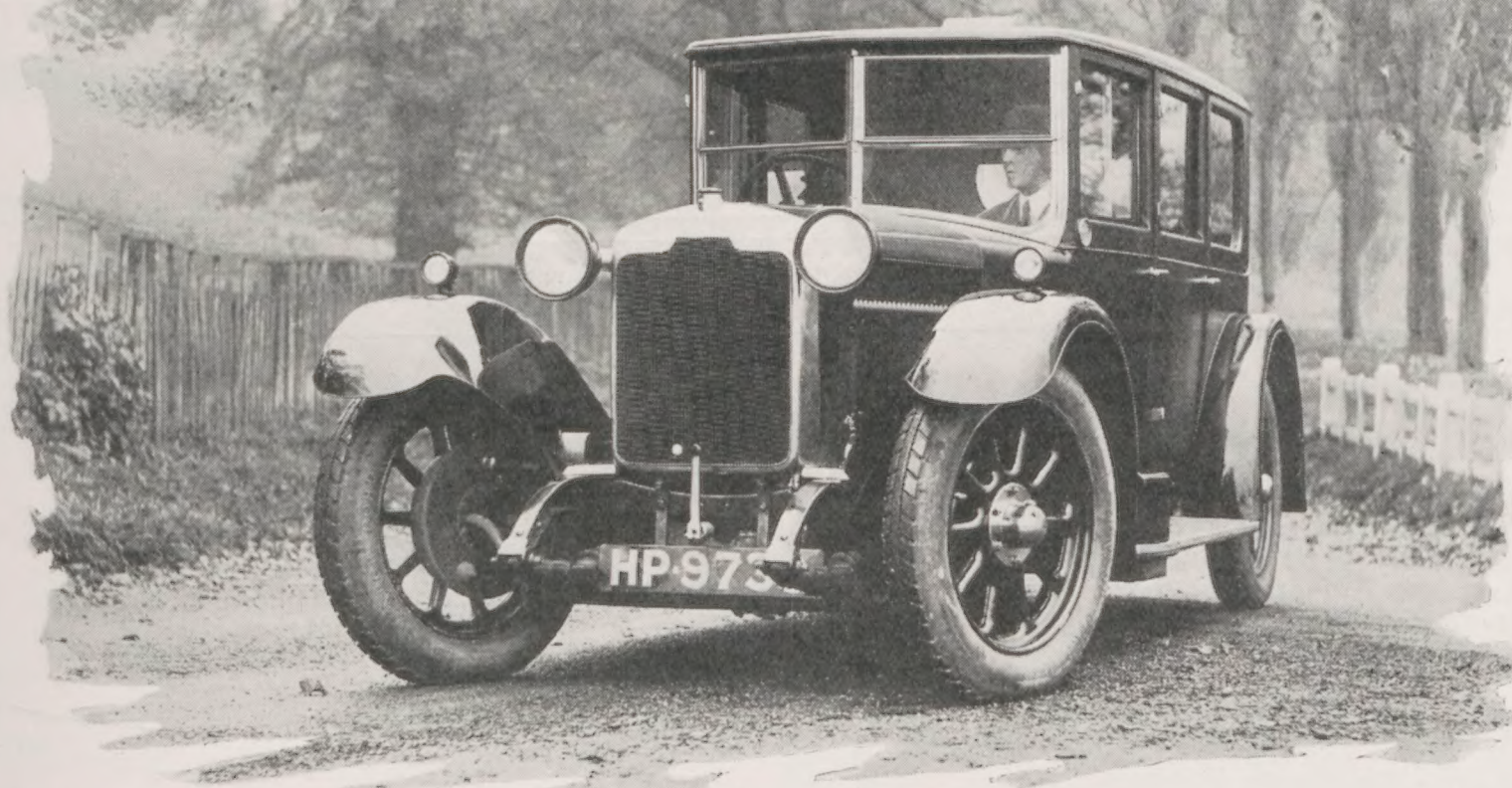
Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.



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## SIDE LAMP

Fit a pair of these splendid lamps to your car. Finished in either nickel or black and nickel at the same price.



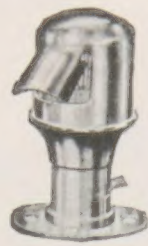
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CAT. No. 515

PRICE PER PAIR £2 2/0

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## LIGHTING & STARTING



## HELMET TYPE DASH LAMP

A smart and useful dash lamp. Universal movement. Swivels in any direction. Helmet protects driver's eyes. Quite a distinctive fitting. Nickel-plated finish.

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PRICE EACH 10/-



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for Five Lamp Equipments

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Two ... 24 w. Head  
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One ... 3 c.p. Dash

for 6 or 12 volt equipments.

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## Set for Three Lamp Equipment

In square case

CAT. No. 4363

PRICE — 10/-

## ROTAX (MOTOR ACCESSORIES) Ltd.

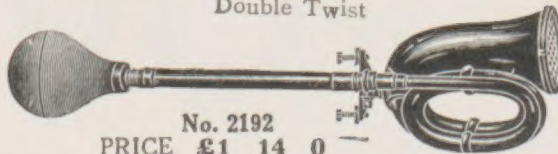
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ROTAX WORKS, WILLESDEN JUNCTION,  
LONDON, N.W.10. Telephone: Willesden 2480

Telegrams: "Rodynalite, Phone, London."

## Rotax "CLARION" TYPE HORN

Double Twist



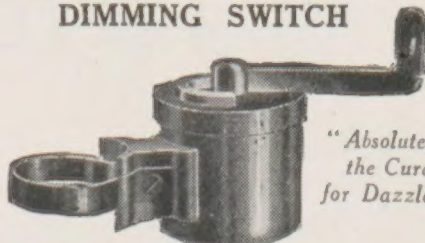
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A very fine horn—deep, resonant and penetrating note.

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CAT. No. 1022

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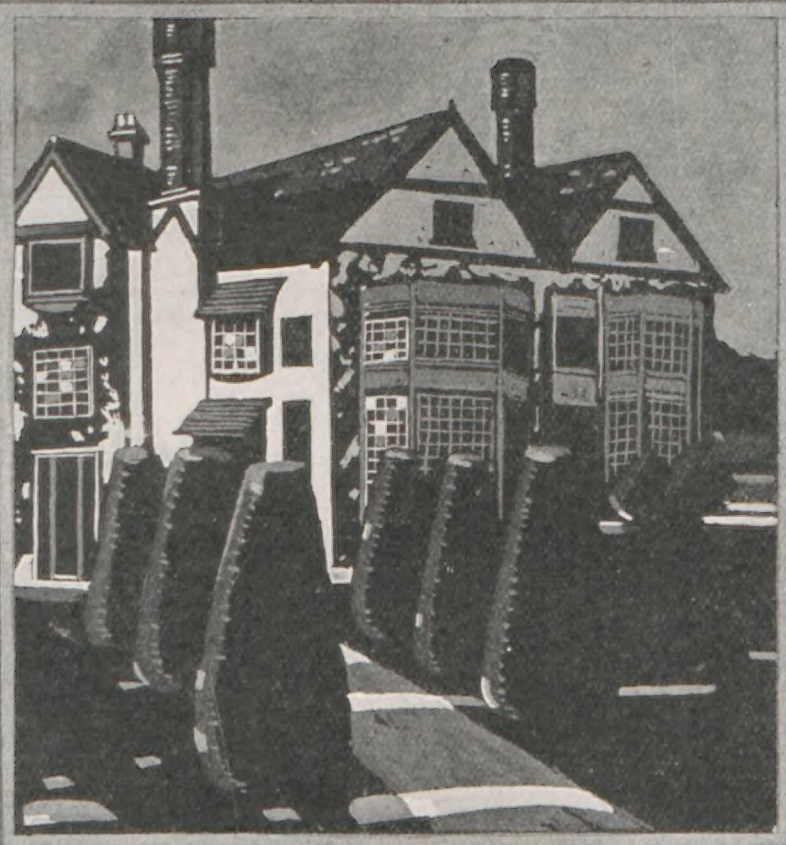
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Containing lounge hall, three reception rooms, school room, two staircases, 10 bed and dressing rooms, two baths, servants' accommodation, offices.

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Very attractive gardens and lawns, etc.

The property is held on lease for 999 years at the low ground rent of £5 9s. 2d.

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ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,

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A medium-sized House, approached by drive and containing lounge hall, three reception rooms, billiard room, two staircases, ten bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, compact offices.

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Approached by drive and containing lounge hall, three reception, small conservatory, two staircases, five bed and three dressing rooms (or nurseries), tiled bathroom, four maids' rooms, very compact, light domestic offices.

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Occupying a good position convenient for station, post office, shops, etc. Lounge hall, three reception, billiard room, ten principal bed and dressing rooms, servants' rooms, two bath rooms, and offices.

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Lounge hall, three reception, nine bed rooms, two bath rooms, and offices.  
Lodge, cottage, garages, outbuildings.

Acetylene gas. Good water supply. Modern drainage.

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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

MAY  
1925



VOL. VI  
NO. 72

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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.  
Telephone No., Gerrard 2377 (3 lines). Telegraphic Address, "Peripubco, Rand, London."

Annual Subscription, payable in advance and postage free :

Great Britain and Canada .. .. . 15s. Abroad .. .. . 20s.

Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.



*A FINE EXAMPLE OF A TIMBERED COTTAGE AT BERKHAMSTED.*



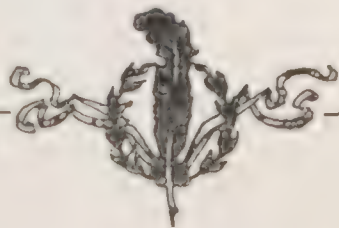
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire.





# SEEN THROUGH THE SCREEN.

*"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.*



## Cupid in Trouble.

ONE is glad to observe that the Lancashire police insist upon car-driving being taken seriously—that is, if a police report of their activities can be taken as a fair criterion of the general standard demanded.

In the case under consideration the official charge against a defaulting motorist was "not having proper control of his car." However, the officer who made the charge gave evidence that "'E wor coodlin' t'lass as 'e droave, 'e wor."

To put the affair in more matter of fact, if less illustrative language, what really occurred was that the motorist in question had one arm for the wheel and the other for his lady passenger's waist.

The writer of these notes mentioned this incident to a flapper niece and an undergraduate nephew down from Oxford. The young people exchanged meaning glances, and both seemed to think that the fine inflicted on the erring motorist was an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. But, at the risk of being styled a curmudgeon by would-be lovers, one cannot help thinking that such demonstrations of affection could be reserved for moments when the car is stationary—the twang of Cupid's bow should fall on deaf ears when the engine is running.

## A Country for Motorists.

In a somewhat extended tour which spread over the Easter holidays, I was immensely interested in the indications which denote that, at long last, the motorist is coming into his own.

Everywhere there were signs that the authorities were really awakening to the necessity for making the roads safe and pleasant for swift traffic.

It was a real pleasure to escape the tram lines on the completed bits of the widened Southall-Uxbridge Road. When this highway is completed it will have a double track, so that it will be possible to avoid entirely all trams.

An improvement welcome to both tram-passengers and motorists.

Farther afield, on the Berkshire side of the river, principally between Wallingford and Wantage, the sharp curves of the road are divided in the centre by the white line made familiar to Londoners by the Whitehall examples.

In these particular instances arrows indicate the portion of the road allotted to vehicles proceeding either way. Whilst passing round one of these chartered bends, I came across an example of the reckless driving which renders these safeguards necessary.

Absolutely ignoring the line of demarcation, this iniquitous driver swung right across my track at something like 40 miles per hour. Fortunately I was proceeding at what one might call a more "bendable" speed, and was able to pull up dead; otherwise there would have been an unholy smash.

Of course, nothing but a swingeing sentence of imprisonment would cure such an inveterate road-hog as this individual, but there are other drivers who err on the side of carelessness rather than on that of criminality. It is for the guidance of these less culpable people that the white lines are placed. The commonsense pilot has no need for such somewhat adventitious aids to caution—at any rate, as far as bends are concerned.

To the credit of motorists at large it must be put on record that this was the single instance of bad road manners which was met during 600 miles of touring.

The re-entry to London was made via the Great West Road, taking in the new, broad artery, which obviates the necessity for running through the crowded and narrow streets of Hounslow and Brentford. There is room on this road for four lines of traffic each way.

Other innovations, so far as the country is concerned, are the miniature lighthouses, which at night give warning red flashes of the existence of cross

roads. These automatic signals are similar to those in use in the Mall.

## Lunch Loiterers, Beware!

A warning emanates from the R.A.C. as to the increased activity which is being displayed by the Metropolitan police in regard to cars left unattended.

It is understood that the misuse of authorised parking places is partly responsible for the increased number of prosecutions for obstruction. The authorities will only permit these to be used for short periods, the limit allowed being one or, at the most, two hours. The police have been instructed to take proceedings when the period is exceeded.

Will car owners who are not altruistic enough to desire to help the Road Fund, kindly note?

## A Pretty Figure.

Writing of possible fines reminds one of the illuminating figures given by Mr. Locker-Lampson, Under Home Secretary, in the House of Commons in answer to a question on the point.

It appears, from his statement, that during the year of grace 1924 there were 133,826 persons prosecuted under the Motor Car Acts. Of these 112,091 were fined and six were sent to prison without the option of a fine.

The Road Fund benefited by these fines to the extent of £109,596. Now, wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the outraged Moloch of the Law!

## A Brain Wave!

Let me commend to the notice of sufferers from the existing House shortage the present which the members of the Siamese Royal Household are making to their King.

It consists of a motor-car and trailer. The car itself is divided into a dining and sitting room, luxuriously furnished, a bathroom with up-to-date toilet fittings, and a room devoted to the use of the chauffeur when he is not engaged in his vocation.

The trailer has two bedrooms with



## A PICCADILLY SUBWAY.

beds which fold up against the wall when not in use. Both car and trailer are panelled with polished mahogany.

As the combined weight of both vehicles totals 16 tons, it is not to be wondered at that the maximum speed limit of the combination does not exceed 14 m.p.h.

Now, the brilliant idea which struck the writer when he read of this palatial home-from-home was that it might be adapted to the needs of British householders, or, rather, British who would like to be householders.

If the idea was adopted it would be possible to bring the "humble cot" (His Majesty of Siam's little outfit costs £5,000) to the office door each morning, performing ablutionary duties and partaking of breakfast *en route*.

Parking difficulties? Not a bit of it. You'd send the caravan back to the country for the day, and let it pick you up at the conclusion of your labours. Of course your evening clothes would be laid out ready for you to jump into whilst cook was giving the finishing touches to dinner.

This meal you would partake of, say, somewhere north of Highgate Archway, in the bosom of your family. You would call a halt at a likely golf links, or tennis courts, for the purposes of mild exercise, and, having partaken of such aid to digestion, proceed to the beauty spot in which you had settled to lodge for the night, and "so to bed."

Of course, the scheme suggested has serious drawbacks to the man whose business must be followed up strenuously during the evening. The personal notification of the painful fact will be somewhat more difficult to frame than the customary telegram.

Then, too, the fact that his house on wheels is waiting outside the club, or the Empire, whilst he pursues his unceasing chase for the means necessary for its maintenance, will be most hampering to his judgment.

But still all great innovations have initial difficulties which require great thought before they can be overcome. The man who is prepared to work 14 hours a day for his ideals is not likely to be flabbergasted by a trifle such as the one indicated. Depend upon it, he will find a way!



*The Vulcan "Twelve" in delightful surroundings.*

### A Piccadilly Subway.

According to current report, the idea of building an underground passage for vehicular traffic below Trafalgar Square has been abandoned owing to the great engineering difficulties it would have entailed.

However, there is a strong likelihood of London having a similar subway in a quarter where it is even more necessary.

The passage in question would run from Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, under

the Green Park to the Mall, and consequently would be about a quarter of a mile in length. Its cost would be in the region of £250,000.

Traffic experts are of the opinion that this scheme would go far towards putting an end to the present congestion in Piccadilly and in Piccadilly Circus.

The demolition of Devonshire House has given a fillip to the idea, and, indeed, renders it possible to make an immediate start on the project. As a matter of fact, with a view to its adoption, a preliminary reservation has been effected of the portion of the cleared land on which the famous mansion stood.

It is to be hoped that the deliberations of the Ministry of Transport and the Westminster City Council—the authorities concerned—will result in this much-needed improvement.

### The Right of Way.

An interesting point in road law is the question as to whether the driver of a vehicle has a legal right to interrupt the course of a procession, or whether the procession must open its ranks to permit him to pass through, if he so desires.

Apparently the driver of a vehicle has the law on his side, always supposing that he breaks the ranks without injuring anyone. This was the decision of the Feltham magistrates when a motorist was summoned for this offence.

Some 75 schoolboys were marching in pairs across a road, and the motorist, travelling at about six miles an hour, passed through them.

The counsel for the defence maintained that the only road-users who could claim a monopoly of passage were pedestrians and vehicles of marching troops.

The magistrates upheld the contention, as previously indicated, and gave two guineas costs against the L.C.C. and the police, who were joint prosecutors in the case.

Whether the motorist of question exhibited the best of good road manners in the action he took is a matter for individual judgment, but it is certainly sweet and refreshing fruit to find a car-driver come out on top in a legal fight.

Was it not Cicero who said: "Extreme law is extreme justice."



*Feeding the deer in Richmond Park.*



*AN IMPROVED APPEAL TO ALL MOTORISTS.*

*The*  
MOTOR-OWNER

A Special Announcement



THE next issue of "The Motor-Owner" will mark another milestone in its career. It will come out under new management with improved Editorial appeal and a larger national circulation. It will be edited by the well-known motoring journalist, E. de Normanville.

In the next issue, therefore, readers may confidently look for an improved appeal in "The Motor-Owner." New features of special interest will be introduced, further strengthening the pre-eminent character of "The Motor-Owner."

Though "The Motor-Owner" will be on sale at all leading bookstalls throughout the Kingdom, it is desirable to make sure of your copy by becoming a subscriber. The subscription is nominal—15/- per annum, post free. Remittances should be sent to the Manager, "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.





"TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION, BUT PERFECTION IS NO TRIFLE."

## THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER.

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*The writer draws attention to some minor details in car management, which are well worth noting.*

IF I were called upon to supply a mental *vade mecum*, calculated to inspire a motorist with a proper desire for the welfare of his car, I should unhesitatingly plump for: "Pay great regard to the little things."

There is all the difference in the world in the pleasure to be extracted from a well-found car, and from one which has been allowed to develop slovenliness in its running qualities. Nevertheless, one is afraid that most of us are prone to be neglectful of these small details.

The fact is the modern car is so remarkably reliable that even when it is positively clamouring for minor attention, it still fulfils its purpose of getting us to where we meant to go. Consequently, we are tempted to leave it alone, so long as it complies with its main object.

However, this attitude not only savours of base ingratitude to a good pal, but it is also uneconomical.

This is a mercenary age. Yes, I know the undesirable quality has been forced upon us by stress of circumstances; but there is sound wisdom in turning adversity to eventual good. So if it is not possible to convince you on the grounds of moral ethics, one is justified in getting at you *via* your pocket! Again I repeat neglect of these small attentions is uneconomical.

Having settled this general ground, I trust to our mutual satisfaction, let me now proceed to detail some of the points referred to.

One of the principal of these is the correct adjustment of the tappets, so important in relation to the keeping of an engine in good tune. This little item should receive attention every 2,000 miles. The great improvement this effects in the

charm of the power unit is really astonishing.

The signs and portents which indicate the necessity for dealing with the matter are unmistakable. The engine does not "tick round" quite so evenly as it used to; the acceleration on top from comparatively slow speeds does not seem so good; there is a falling off in the tenacious qualities of the engine when climbing a long hill on top gear; and the petrol consumption is not as satisfactory. In all probability, each of these symptoms denoting an ailing engine can be cured by accurate readjustment of the tappet setting.

There is an erroneous impression that this job is one that demands the aid of a skilled mechanic, but, as a matter of fact, any average driver who is capable of doing minor adjustments on his car can undertake this one.

Of course, it must be admitted that the simplicity of the operation varies enormously with the design of the engine. This resolves itself into a matter of get-at-ability, but, given this qualification, or the skill on the motorist's part to overcome an adverse position, it is well worth while for him to make the experiment; following

the clearances given in the manufacturers' instruction manual.

There are many other adjustments which may be placed in a somewhat similar category, inasmuch as they are often left until attention becomes an absolute necessity. The brakes, for instance, are an example.

Both for comfort and safety in driving, it is most essential that brake efficiency should be at its maximum, yet, how often does one find cars being driven which are not perfect in this respect. You cannot say their brakes are unreliable, yet they are not in that state of efficiency which would enable the driver to meet a sudden emergency.

Indirectly, the manufacturer is often to blame for this state of affairs. Brake adjustment is quite simple on some cars; on others, it is atrociously difficult to get at. However, it must be remembered that when it is necessary to crawl underneath the car, and clearances are of the worst type, it is well worth while to spend a couple of shillings at the local garage. It will be found that normal adjustments of this nature will not cost more than that modest sum.

Then again, if you would avoid objectionable squeaks, and attain comfortable riding, do not let the springs become rusty. Of course, the car should be supplied with a soundly designed set of spring gaiters, but if such equipment is lacking, see that the springs and shackle-pins are properly lubricated.

All this may incline you to dub me "An Apostle of the Petty." Well, I am prepared to accept the title, remembering that the "Imp Mischance" is always looking out for the driver who neglects the obvious!



"You'll be surprised, my dear sir, when I tell you that I can get forty miles to the gallon out of this car!"

"I am, Padre. Surprised and horribly shocked!"



# PROPORTIONATE TO THE HIT!



"There ain't no cause t' worry, Henrietta. If they hit ye, ye can git damages—an' the worse ye're hit, the more ye git!"





# W H O ' S A W A Y A - W H E E L ?

1



1—One of those many interesting roadside features which are usually passed by unnoticed—the ancient and quaint church gate at Chalfont St. Giles.

2—A practical solution for the housing problem, at any rate in the country, is found in these semi-detached cliff villas. Were the searchers in the Bean car satisfied—we wonder?

3—The ruins of Boxgrove Priory make a very pretty picture—being the reason why this Belsize owner paused to glance their way.

4—In one of the London suburbs a subway beneath the road has been constructed for the safety of school children crossing the road—real Safety First!



2

3

4



# PEOPLE AND THEIR CARS.

5—A party of tourists find their Dodge car a tight fix for the stairway High Street of Clovelly; and, incidentally, a good test for the springs.

6—A happy picture of the deer in Richmond Park feeding from the hand of a friendly motorist who brings them daily morsels.

7—The quaint monument in the background represents King Rawan, a supposed prehistoric ruler of Ceylon who, it is said, possessed knowledge equal to ten men. Three of the figures are missing, and the photo was taken by a Rolls-Royce owner on the road between Sutna and Rewah, India.

8—In spite of its great power and size, this Lanchester owner finds little difficulty in handling the car in narrow by-paths—incidentally, what a charming picture!



5



7



6



8



ONE CANNOT BEAT DOILIES FOR POLISHING MATERIALS.

## WHY MOTORISTS SHOULD MARRY.

By P. A. Barron.

*In courtship days the thoughtful suitor should choose his gifts with care and with an eye to the future.*

THE enthusiastic young motorist should make an early marriage, for an establishment well equipped with table napkins, towels, embroidered doilies, crochet work and other suitable polishing materials is essential to the well-being of a car.

Before marriage many a bachelor has wasted dozens of perfectly good cambric handkerchiefs by using them for the application of metal polish or for the removal of tar from coachwork; but once he is wedded he need never use his personal property for such purposes, he can always find what he requires about the house.

Nice, soft, fleecy towels, removed surreptitiously from the spare bedrooms, make perfect polishers, and I know of no other material which gives the same glass-like finish. Being absorbent, they are also extremely useful for the removal of the black oil which so often exudes from tappet guides, crankcases and gearboxes. When the towels have been used for this purpose they are not likely to be recognised by even the most jealous housewife; but if monograms have been worked on the towels the really careful motorist will cut them off with his wife's embroidery scissors in order to ensure himself fully against domestic trouble.

Sponges, obtained from the bathroom, are almost indispensable to the married motorist who really loves his car, and good quality loofahs have their uses.

Tooth-brushes are excellent for cleaning plug points and for the application of oil and graphite to magneto chains or other small working parts; in fact, uses can be found for almost everything provided by the careful housewife.

I do not think the importance of marriage has ever before been sufficiently explained by a motor journal. This is regrettable, for in these days of night clubs, cocktails and jazz, when so many of our young women speak cynically of marriage, any facts that

tend to popularise matrimony should be broadcast. I think our girls should be told that no man appreciates a home so keenly as the really enthusiastic motorist.

In courtship days the thoughtful suitor should choose his gifts with care and with an eye to the future. A silver or tortoiseshell mounted manicure set is a gift that almost any girl will appreciate, and after marriage such a set is extremely useful to the motorist. The dainty pair of nail scissors is the perfect tool for cutting and bevelling the pieces of rubber which must be fashioned delicately when inner tubes are to be repaired by the vulcanising process. The nail file may be used for roughening the edges of the rubber to ensure proper adhesion of the plastic rubber, and the nail polishing powder is an excellent substitute for chalk.

The vulcanising process may be completed by the application of one of the gas or electrically heated irons now used for home laundry work, so one of these irons is a most useful birthday gift which the young motorist may offer his lady.

For vulcanising purposes these domestic irons must be used carefully. The correct temperature may be determined by pressing the iron firmly on any suitable material, such as a table napkin or a table cloth. If the material is lightly scorched the temperature is about right, but if a hole is burnt right through the fabric, the iron is too hot. A few experiments, made when the housewife is elsewhere and the maid is having her evening out, will enable the motorist to gauge the temperature accurately. The scorched or partly incinerated napkins may be hidden in the garage, as they can be torn up for cleaning rags.

If the temperature is not judged accurately it sometimes happens that pieces of charred rubber will become attached to the iron. These will, however, come off when the iron is next used by the maid for smoothing

dainty lingerie, and it will then be ready for vulcanising again.

In addition to the manicure tools already mentioned, uses may be found for other items in a good set. The nail polisher, for example, is extremely valuable for brightening accessories and gadgets with intricate parts not easily reached by the polishing towel. The small lancet-like instrument, designed for the delicate removal of a cuticle so that the half-moons of a lady's dainty finger nails shall not be obscured, is a useful tool for cutting leather or vulcanite until it is thoroughly blunted, when it may be used for the extraction of small flints from tyres and will often obviate the use of the less convenient silver fork for this purpose.

Every motorist knows that for laminated springs an excellent lubricant is a mixture of beeswax and graphite. This mixture should always be prepared at home as the materials can usually be stolen from the housemaid's cupboard, and in these times every motorist should consider it a point of honour to be economical. Beeswax is used for the home manufacture of furniture and floor polish and in the housemaid's cupboard it is usually found in large natural lumps, just as it comes from the bee, no doubt.

Graphite is, of course, the "black lead" used for polishing grates. Black lead is not lead, but it is black, so it is better named than the beetle which isn't.

In some modern households ready-made furniture, grate and boot polishes are used. Possibly these might be mixed to form a lubricant, but this is a matter for experiment.

Beeswax and "black lead" are safer, and if not available they should be ordered from the grocer and charged to the housekeeping money. They are mixed by boiling the wax in a saucepan and adding the powdered graphite, meanwhile stirring with the egg-beater. White enamelled saucepans or those of aluminium are not



## WHY MOTORISTS SHOULD MARRY.

so suitable for this work as the old-fashioned types of cast iron, because the white ones must be cleaned after the operation, whereas the remnants of lubricant left in the black saucepan may escape notice unless the utensil is used subsequently for the preparation of blancmange. Some consideration should always be given to the cook in these matters, for it is easy to lose a good cook, as many motorists' wives have discovered.

When the lubricant has been boiled thoroughly it should be poured into china teacups. Common earthenware cups should not be used as, being thicker, they are more likely to crack by unequal expansion, and it must be remembered that wax reaches a very high temperature before it boils.

A baby's feeding bottle is an excellent container if it does not crack, because the wax and graphite can be

softened by placing the feeding bottle in boiling water, and in its fluid state the lubricant can be applied by gentle pressure on the teat.

The best way to open the laminated springs is to take the car to a garage and tell a mechanic to do it. The home method is to hammer stainless steel dinner knives between the leaf springs, but it is not to be recommended, because broken blades cannot be extracted easily unless the springs are removed from the car and taken apart.

Uses may be found for many other domestic appliances in a well equipped household. For example, when a burst inner tube is to be repaired by patching, an ordinary rolling pin is of great assistance. The pin should first be inserted through the rent so that it will distend the tube conveniently. The solution and patch should then be applied, and, to ensure perfect

contact, the enclosed rolling pin, tube, and patch may be lapped tightly with webbing which may be cut from Venetian blinds or, if the house is not supplied with these, suitable webbing may usually be found under the seats of easy chairs or chesterfields. In its bandaged state the tube should be left until the adhesive rubber solution has dried thoroughly, after which the tube should be severed neatly in order that the rolling pin may be withdrawn. Any professional vulcaniser will rejoin the ends of the cut tube for a small fee.

These few practical hints are merely a selection from thousands known to experienced married motorists. They show, I think, the bright side of domestic life, and perhaps explain why so many motorists marry, and why so many present-day wives wish they hadn't.



*The Rock of Ages,  
Somerset.*

**T**HE Rock of Ages, a natural cleft in the rocks, attracts many West country visitors, for Burrington Combe is comparatively close to Bath and Bristol, but it is not well known to tourists from other parts of Britain. Although the world-famous hymn is known to millions in all lands, few know that its composition was inspired by the shelter this rock provided for the Rev. Augustus Toplady in a sudden thunderstorm. Preachers of various denominations inaugurated a pilgrimage, which is to be an annual affair, to the Rock, accompanied by various choirs. Although the pilgrimage, in principle, was similar to that headed by Chaucer to Canterbury in the fourteenth century, the mode of travelling was different, since petrol was the moving spirit.

Burrington Combe, near which the Rock is situated, is on the north of the Mendips, on which side the land is much broken up into ravines and grass-covered hollows; Burrington, close to the pretty village of that name, being one of the most picturesque. There are two other large caves worth visiting in the Combe, as well as the Rock itself.



# THE NORMAN CROSS.

By Christopher Wenlock.

*There are lessons to be learned by those who are willing to think back, and perchance that monument at the wayside may have a fuller meaning to those who, on toil or pleasure bent, catch a vision of the outspread wings in their going on the great highway.*

HOW many of the thousands—tens of thousands—of motorists who pass Norman Cross in their journeying up and down the Great North Road ever recall, as they pass, the tragedy of old wars, with all the attendant horrors, written in the fields and walls along the roadside?

A solitary figure standing with bowed head at the foot of the memorial as the evening sun drops low in the western sky serves to awaken memories, to carry back the mind to grim deeds and fears and terrors long since eclipsed by deeper shadows and sterner tragedies which have cast their gloom over recent years.

That column, with its surmounting eagle, wings outspread, brings back to mind the days of Bonaparte, when for twenty years our fathers feared the mighty and imperious conqueror might cast his hosts on British soil and jeopardise their homes and lands, when canals were cut along our southern coast from Hythe to Rye to stem the threatened invasion, and timid folk lay awake at night, hearing in every cry of the wind and rattling of the pane, the movement of phantom troops and the advance of the French.

At Norman Cross stood one of the great prisons where the French soldiers, captured on the field of battle, were confined during those years of terror. Three to six thousand could be accommodated here and, of the many who came and went, two thousand died. Their graves are in the fields along the great highway; and those who pause may read upon the imposing memorial these words:—

"In Memoriam.

"This column was erected in 1914 to the memory of 1,770 soldiers and

sailors, natives or allies of France, taken prisoners of war during the Republican and Napoleonic Wars with Great Britain, A.D. 1793 to 1814, who died in the military depot of Norman Cross which formerly stood near this spot.

"Erected by the Entente Cordiale Society."

One may not suppose that the undue rigour of their confinement or injustice of their treatment helped to swell to so large a proportion the list of the dead. Those were days of imperfect knowledge, days of crude sanitation, when medicine was in its infancy and hygiene a timid stranger; and it required something more than an iron constitution to endure a ten years' captivity under the circumstances which then prevailed.

Not unduly rigorous were the rules and statutes of their control, for many a man, on his word of honour, was

granted freedom of the highroads, though liability to be shot at sight rewarded an attempt at escape. A reward of five pounds was held out to those who, seeing a prisoner who had broken his parole, brought him down with a gun shot.

Some of their guard may have been heartless men, for war makes men brutal, but others were moved with pity and showed a humane kindness to their captives. Proof of this may be found in the church at Yaxley, about a mile from Norman Cross, where a mural tablet was erected by the prisoners in recognition of the kindness shown by a Captain Draper and who had been in charge of the depot for nearly two years.

A recent writer has thus musings as he paused at Norman Cross:—"Gone are the prisons and their misery, gone the barracks and their busy life of active duties, and gone, also, all personal recollection of the great events of 1789 to 1816, of which the life here was a part. But, standing on the Great North Road, between the two fields, the one to the right and the other to the left, nothing to distinguish them from the thousands of similar fields in every county of England, the reader will . . . be able to call up in his mind's eye the Norman Cross of a hundred years ago. The courts, the caserns, and the various other buildings rise before him; he sees them filled with the Dutch and French sailors and soldiers who for years lived in the one field and of whom nearly two thousand sleep in the other. The vision fades, and the gazer realises that of it nothing remains but a name, some musty documents . . . and 1,770 skeletons in the undistinguished field on the North Road."



The Norman Cross.



IN THE LANDS OF SUNSHINE, BY HELEN McKIE.



THE NATIVES AND THE TOURISTS



CARRIES  
THE ILE SAINTE MARGUERITE  
THE GATE OF THE OLD CITADEL



A VILLAGE ON THE  
ST GOTHARD RAILWAY

HELEN  
MCKIE



"GOLDFLAKES FUR FRIEN'S, ABDULLAHS FUR FOOLISH PLUTYCRATS."

## MERELY PLAYERS.

By Martin H. Potter.

*The "Teller of Tales" takes us on a theatrical tour by motor-car, and details the hectic happenings which ensue.*

"**A** THEATRICAL tour by motor, Judy! Think of it!"—and Mr. Frank Bransford, "our youngest actor-manager" (*vide* Press), leaned back in his swivel chair, beaming with enthusiasm, to observe the effect of his words. I stroked my two Pekes.

"It sounds all right," I said warily.

"Allright!"—he was indignant. "It's brilliant! You don't realise it. Think of the advertisement! Everything travelled by car! Think of the sensation it will make in the provinces—a long fleet of cars filing down the main street! The townsman flocks in his thousands to see us arrive—is hugely impressed—and flocks again to see us act. It's the idea of a lifetime!"

"H'm," I said, "it always is."

"How can you be such a rotten old pessimist, Judy! Do say you'll come. Everyone else has."

"Oh, who?"

"All old friends. Veril Burke and Stephen Mollass—'Treacle,' you know—and, oh, one or two others."

"I hate to bother you about unimportant details, Bran, but—what's the play?"

"Oh, I forgot. *Thistle and Thorn*. Huge part for you, Judy." He rang, and the smallest page boy on record appeared. If Bran paid him by weight, the child must have owed his master money each week.

"Goliath," said Bran, "get me those new posters. Here we are." He spread one out before me. "This is the bold, bad lady thinking out her awful crimes."

"Whose part is that?"

"Yours. Don't look so hurt, dear heart. You'll conceal your black locks under a golden wig and your sweet disposition beneath a cloak of villainy. And here is the heroine, lovely and good, decorating the old homestead ready to take back her wandering

husband, her sweet che-ild holding the hammer."

"And who is this model of all the virtues?"

"You."

"I'm glad you appreciate me, Bran. But what I mean is, who's taking the part?"

"You," he repeated.

"But you said I was—"

"So you are. You're both. I said you had a huge part, and I understated."

"For the first time in history!"

"Dear Judy, you are momentarily embittered. You see, the cars are going to cost a heap. These dealers are so beastly mercenary, I had to economize somewhere. So I had this brilliant idea—"

"Yes," I said nastily. "The idea of a lifetime—" then I began to laugh. "Sodom and Gomorrah," I said weakly, addressing my darling dogs, "shall I or shan't I?"

Sodom and Gomorrah only blinked.

"They're shouting 'yes' as hard as they can," cried Bran. "So that's settled, Judy. Now you need a smoke."

He rang for Goliath. "Ah, Dempsey! Fetch me—" he waved his hand, comprehensively, "you know—"

"Yes, sir." Exit the Babe.

"He reads my thoughts. No need for words—he knows I want cigarettes. There's something about me—Simpatica—!"

"Rather," said I.

"Such perfect accord, it's a gift—"

Goliath returned, breathless, with a gin and bitters.

"Have it all yourself" I said, "Don't split it. I don't drink."

"H'm," he avoided my eye. "Samson, you forgot the cigarettes. Bring the very best."

The child returned with the usual Gold Flakes.

"Never mind," I said, "The Simpatica is off colour to-day, that's all! Everybody gets it. You should have my golf sometimes."

Bran shuddered. "My dear girl, I have! Tell me, Goliath, why Gold Flakes?"

The boy looked at him, then at me, dubiously; then made significant and horrible grimaces to his employer.

"Well tried!" said Bran, "but you may speak freely."

"Well, sir"—the Babe was manful—"the orders was, 'Gold Flakes fur frien's, and AbdullaHS for foolish pluty-crats—'"

"Intelligent youth, that," said Bran, as Goliath withdrew. "I had another little thing to suggest, too, Judy."

"What was that?"

"I'm afraid it's not quite so fresh as my other ideas; but it's a jolly good old notion, all the same."

"Well?"

"It's about this 'to have and to hold' business. 'From this day forth,' you know."

"You're not proposing to me again, Bran?"

"Yes. You know I've been



*The bold, bad lady thinking out her awful crimes!*



"TWO DOZEN PRESUMABLY DEPRAVED CHARACTERS FACED US."

"Frightfully in love with you for years and years, Judy."

"Love," I said. "Pooh! Nothing doing."

"Am I to take that as final?"

"Er—yes, of course."

"Oh," he said thoughtfully. Then he became brisk. "Well, well. Back to business. Goliath, take these away. By the way, Judy, Goliath's taking the part of your little daughter."

"Ow lor!" said Goliath. I quite agreed with him.

In due course the troublous interim of rehearsals came and passed, and the morning arrived on which we were to start for a Midland town. Bran had suggested that we should dress picturesquely to impress the natives, and we were a quaint assortment when we assembled at his office. Veril looked

like a picture on a chocolate box, in a floppy black hat adorned with large pink roses. Treacle wore a shaggy goat-skin coat and resembled something prehistoric. I was dressed in a peculiarly puny shade of tomato, and Sodom and Gomorrah wore brilliant ribbons. The arrival of Bran in sage green plus fours completed the nightmare.

"Come along, everyone!" he cried. "The fleet's outside!"

"Ay, ay, Admiral!" said Treacle.

It was a somewhat attenuated fleet, perhaps—two touring cars, and a motor pan-technicon for scenery and costumes. Bran, however, was in great spirits. We installed ourselves, and set out.

"As you're the two leading ladies, Judy," said Bran.

"You must come in the first

and watch me drive."

"Heavens!" I turned pale.

"Is that a privilege or a punishment?" It was cer-

tainly the most thrilling drive of my life, and I frequently

expected it to be the last.

Our only definite mishap, however, was the overturning of a fruit barrow at Barnet.

"How annoying!" Bran

frowned. "I'm sure their

beastly oranges have smeared our mudguards!"

Late that afternoon we

drove near the town of our

destination.

"Smile!" hissed Bran, "Smile, all of you!" We did our best—it was a ghastly sight—and entered the town. Soon the crowds would be upon us. We looked ahead expectantly. So far the road was as still as the grave.

"They're massed round the market place," said Bran, confidently.

"We've announced the time of arrival on huge posters."

We reached the main street—empty!

"You wait," said Bran.

We did . . . We went twice round the market place. A few sheep baa-ed at us; that was all. The few people we encountered either ignored us or turned away as though we had the plague. . . The townsman in his thousands did not care a solitary hang for us.

We gave it up at last, and went in search of rooms.

I shall never forget it. Four landladies in succession shut their doors in our faces, muttering what sounded like "Sinners." The fifth said she didn't take "them" in. She meant theatrical people. She added that she was "saved."

All we did find was a poster bearing the words "Learn to Drive."

"What a rotten tactless town!" said Bran.

The sixth landlady demanded details of us, and explained that we would never get "took in" anywhere, as the folks were done with play actors and sinners, having been saved by the Revivalists.

So that was it! We had struck a revivalist wave . . . That evening's performance was ghastly indeed. About two dozen presumably de-

praved characters faced us in the pit stalls, and our voices echoed hollowly. Our gross takings were 7s. 5d. We explained the situation to a thoughtful Bran.

"And if these few were not irreclaimable," I said, "they wouldn't be here either. We are simply playing to a handful of lost souls."

"I'll never believe there are only two dozen of them," asserted Bran, stoutly, "they'll tell their friends."

"But, don't you see," said Treacle, gloomily, "this play will convert even these, and then"—

"Ah—I've got it," shouted Bran.

"In the neck," said Treacle.

"No—we're—saved!—saved!"—he dashed off.

"Good Heavens, he's got it too!" gasped Veril.

"If he's saved," muttered Treacle, nervously. "Nobody's safe!"

Veril and I, sallying forth the next day, received a distinct shock. At every turn huge posters had broken out like an epidemic—

Come and see the great Revivalist play!

Triumph of Good over Evil!

Tear out the Thorn of Vice!

See the Good Woman save

her Erring Sister!

Here is a photo of the Good

Woman!

Come and see the bad one for

yourself!

Theatre 7-15 sharp.



A poster which caused Bran to label the town "tactless."



"AS THOUGH LOVE WAS A JOLLY OLD JEST."

Below was a doublecrown poster of me!

"This is Bran's doing!" I ejaculated bitterly.

"It is!" Isn't it terrific?"

"It's all very well for you," I said. "You aren't playing both the good woman and the bad. I am."

We were all early at the theatre, curious to see the results of Bran's advertising. Even he, I am sure, could not have anticipated such a congregation as was waiting at the doors. They would have filled the theatre twenty times.

"The great thing in business is," Bran expounded, "If there's a movement going on—use it! Tactics, that's what gets you there! What did Napoleon say—or was it Selfridge?"

"It's time for us to dress," said Veril.

The curtain rose and the play began. Our audience watched and listened solemnly, avidly. It was evidently to them the soberest of sober truth. At the end of the first act, they did not applaud, any more than one would applaud a sermon; but grave approbation radiated from their faces.

"To think," said Bran, "that we've only another night here! Why, we could have run a month!"

It was early in the third act that the catastrophe occurred. I, as the villainess, had a "strong" scene with Bran as the heroine's erring husband. During this, he had to seize me in a violent embrace. I suppose it was his cuff-link that got caught in a lock of my rather voluminous red wig.

"Your glorious hair! Your wonderful eyes!" cried he, in tones of passion. Then he stepped back, taking my glorious hair with him! My wonderful eyes glazed with horror. My own black locks fell down in an untidy mass. I forgot my words. There was silence . . . Astonishment turned slowly to fury on the faces before us. Then a shrill old voice, shaking with indignation, piped through the stillness!

"It's t' same woman! We've bin fooled!"

They rose. They would not even look at us. One by one they left the theatre, until we stood alone . . . We broke it to the others.

Bran soon revived.

"Come, take the cash and let the credit go," he quoted. "We've got the spondulicks, any old how."

We went back to the stage to look for that fatal wig. Bran sat down and contemplated the dim emptiness

of the auditorium. He seemed pensive.

"I say, Judy" he began. "How many times have I proposed to you?"

"Quite a lot—but I bear you no malice."

"Wouldn't you miss it if I stopped?"

"Dunno. Might. If one gets used to a grating noise—"

"Well, . . . I'm going to stop. I want to tell you—I'm horribly in love."

"Of course you'll say 'Pooh, love!'—but it's not pooh love this time."

"The other was?"

"You always said so."

"Ye-es,—yes, of course."

"Well, this is the genuine goods, stamped right through."

A pause . . .

"I suppose," he went on, "I suppose you're jolly glad to hear all this, and I want to assure you she's the most wonderful girl in the world, and a worthy successor to you. I want you to believe that—"

"Thank you . . . It's Veril then?"

"No—Veril's a dear old sister, but this—the other, has my heart and soul. My love for her has made a man of me—"

Another pause. "It—it must be—some love, then!" said I, with a laugh that stopped suddenly.

"You're right. It is. When I think of our trivial way of going on, as though love were a jolly old jest—"

I shivered. "Bran, I—I feel a bit

cold. I think we'll move—" We got up. "I—I hope you'll be frightfully happy, and—and all that—"

"Thanks, old Bean, I know I shall."

"That—that's splendid. There's nothing I—I wish for more—"

"You mean that?"

"Yes, I do." I felt snuffly—it must have been the cold.

"Thanks. You're the toppingest girl, all except her, of course."

"Oh, of course . . . Well, Bran, any girl ought to be proud of you—"

"You mean that, too?—Honest Injun?"

"Rather."

"Well, Old Thing—the girl's you. A wee silence, I couldn't find a handkerchief, and had to borrow his."

"Oh, Bran, you brute!" I said unsteadily. "You laid a trap."

"I didn't," stoutly, "you ought to have known. I told you she was the finest girl in the world."

"You—you're hurting my hand, Bran," faintly.

"Is it a go, Judy? This is the eleventh time—"

I waited . . .

"Eleven's my lucky number—"

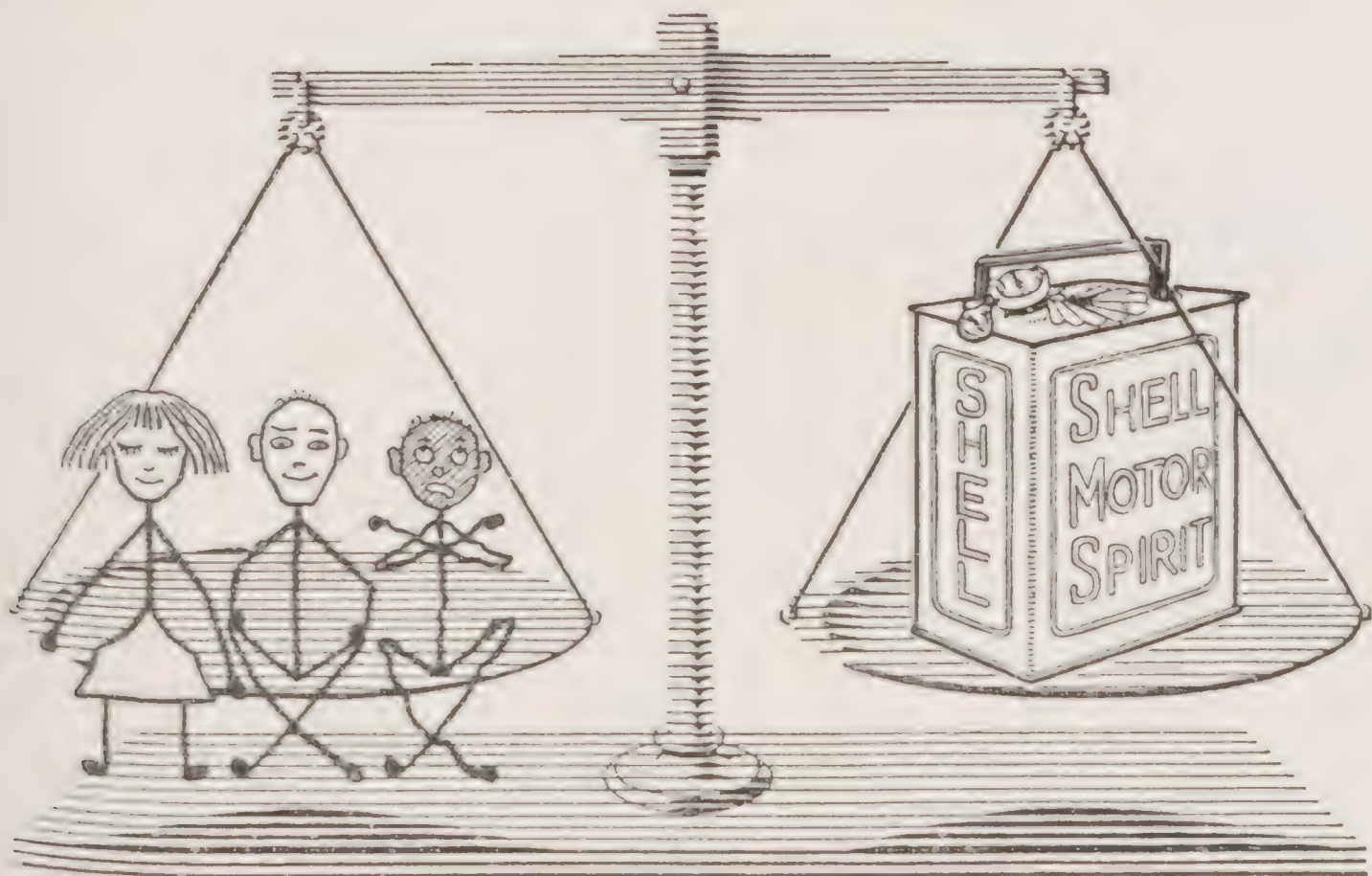
"Darling!"

Soon after that we left the theatre, hand in hand. Opposite the stage-door, lit by a solitary street lamp, stood that poster of myself as the good wife, with her baby daughter . . . Bran saw it too. I caught his eye. He said nothing, but smiled a little and kissed me very gently.



The picture of Judy as the good wife with her baby daughter.





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**T**HE character of motor spirit depends upon its inherent qualities—which may differ according to its source of origin.

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## What happens when your tyre hits a pot hole?

Read this experience of Mr. P. S. Jimenez.—

"The roads there (New Zealand) are guaranteed to break any ordinary springing, and I very soon smashed some of the leaves in the back springs, and also sheared off the chassis anchoring plate of one of the quarter-elliptic springs.

I got a supply of Ferodo Spring Interleaving and had it fitted. Afterwards I was able to ignore, more or less, the condition of the roads, driving at twice the speed of other cars, straight ahead over craters and chasms, which they were picking their way round."

Why bump along when you can glide?  
Fit

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## PRACTICAL HINTS

### On Hot Weather Motoring.

**I**F the prognostications of the weather prophets prove correct, we are in for a really hot summer, and in that event a few hints on the subject of our heading may be acceptable.

On really hot sunny days it will be found much cooler to travel with the hood up, and the colour of the hood is a factor which must be considered. A light coloured one affords much more protection than one which is dark, but whether the hood be black or khaki in colour is that it is up.

The proper adjustment of the wind-screen is also a matter which counts towards the desirable end. This will vary with the speed and the length of the coachwork.

The wind-screen should be arranged so that the maximum draught is felt on the hand when placed just behind the front seats. This will probably mean that a single-piece windscreen is placed rather flatter than usual.

With a wind-screen of the double type the best cooling effect is generally obtained with the top half at about 45°, half-opened. Seldom will it be found that a fully open wind-screen gives the best effect.

The tyres should not be blown up to the orthodox pressure when hot weather prevails. They can safely be let down till they "bulge just a little." A ten mile run on a really hot day will bring them dead tight again. If they are not let down they are likely to burst.

It will be found, also, that the engine is inclined to overheat. Make sure that the fan belt is not slipping, and that the radiator is properly filled, and

some thicker oil of the brand usually used should be put in the crank case.

If there is an air adjustment on the carburetter, give it plenty of air.

If the water in the engine boils, wait for at least ten minutes before filling up the radiator with cold water, otherwise the cylinders may easily be cracked, or a leak developed in the radiator.

The radiator cap should never be taken off while the engine is actually boiling.

As a final injunction we would add: never leave the car standing in brilliant sunlight. It will damage both tyres and paint.

### On Lighting and Starting Equipage.

The fact that the modern car is reliability itself where the lighting system is concerned should not induce you to neglect being prepared to deal with minor defects.

For instance, it is wise always to carry a complete set of spare bulbs. Many people neglect this precaution, to the detriment of their own comfort and safety.

It may happen that you get a "short" which will permit the generator momentarily to feed direct to the lamps, instead of by way of the accumulator. If this happens at high engine speed, all the bulbs may be blown at once, or three or four at the same time.

In most districts it will be found that the police are prepared to be reasonable about an electric bulb failure, provided that when you are stopped you are ready to replace at once the failure by a new one, in which event it is most unlikely that

you will hear any more about the matter.

It is necessary that the bayonet clip parts and the movable surfaces of the spare bulbs should be smeared occasionally with vaseline or grease, the object being to prevent the joint being seized with rust.

Before dealing with some of the minor defects of the lighting system, we will just refer to one point in connection with the starting motor. On no account should either oil or grease be put on the screwed end of the starting motor spindle, nor on the little sprocket wheel mounted on it, or it will "gum up" sooner or later. They should be kept clean with a brush dipped in petrol or paraffin.

To return to the lighting system. Proper attention should be paid to the accumulator. The level of the acid must never be allowed to fall beneath the top of the plates. It should be inspected every week or two, and sufficient distilled water added to keep the level about one quarter of an inch above the tops of the plates.

The acid should be tested every two or three months, to ensure that its proportion is kept correct in comparison with the distilled water. The correct proportion of the latter to the acid is four to one by volume.

To obtain the best efficiency and reliability from the lighting and starting system, the self-starter must not be overworked. The use of the self-starter will take from ten to twenty times as much current out of the battery as the dynamo can put in during a given period. When starting up in bad atmospheric conditions the initial discharge rate may approach 150/200 amps.



## A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS.

When such conditions obtain, it is wise just to turn the engine round once or twice by hand to "ungum" it. This action will mean just the difference between an abnormal and normal strain on the battery.

Now for a hint or two on the causes of lighting failures, and the remedies that can be applied.

In the event of a simultaneous failure of all the lights, a broken or bad connection between the switchboard and the battery may be diagnosed as the cause. On some cars, especially if a too heavy fuse or fuse wire has been put in, this sudden failure may also involve the "blowing" of all the lights. Of course, such a defect should receive immediate attention.

The failure of one lamp does not necessarily mean that the bulb has gone. It should be taken out very carefully, as the cause may be a bad connection either in the wiring or the holder.

When the dynamo is not charging, and all the lamps seem dull, it means that the battery is running down. In the case of only one lamp being dull, the bulb in question is failing. If this dullness is apparent when you are putting in a new bulb, it means that the voltage of the bulb is different, or, of course, that the bulb is a bad one.

There are various indications which point to short circuit troubles. One of them is when all the bulbs drop to a bright red, or even a dull red glow. If you are not sure which is the

defaulting wire, here is a method by which you can discover it:—

Disconnect the lamps from the switchboard one at a time. You will notice that on removing a particular one the other lamps will brighten up again automatically. The wiring of the one so disconnected is at fault, and it should be attended to at once.

Sometimes it will be found, on the contrary, that the lights become unduly bright. Call a halt at once, as you might burn them all out simultaneously, though the field fuse ought to blow first.

The cause of the trouble will be found in a loose or broken connection somewhere between the battery and the dynamo. A regard for safety demands that this shall be put right forthwith.

A loose connection is generally indicated by occasional flickering of the lights. The fault may be anywhere—a badly fitting bulb, a battery connection, the adapter, or a lamp wire or wires.

An observant driver will often notice a slight increase in illumination as compared with normal brightness. This should receive attention. What has happened is that the acid in the accumulator has been allowed to get too low.

### Driving under Disabilities.

There are many people who would definitely prohibit the disabled man from driving. Their attitude is one with which we do not agree, and, moreover, do not understand.

It is quite possible to arrange the driving mechanism of a car so as to make driving normally safe for such motorists, always supposing that the disablement does not extend to more than one limb.

There are several alternative car control systems for would-be drivers with only one leg or foot. For instance, the foot brake operation and clutch withdrawal mechanism can be controlled by one pedal. The first movement releases the clutch, and further depression applies the brake. Deceleration can also be combined with that single pedal movement.

An alternative is to have the accelerator on the steering wheel, and apply both brakes by the one side lever.

We have a one-legged friend who has an accelerator lever on the steering wheel and a lever for his left hand to operate the service brake. This lever has the usual ratchet action, but the ratchet only operates when it is put on; it does not come on automatically.

Although the driver with one arm appears, at the first glance, to be more unfortunate, there is also hope for him.

His difficulty is to change gear without leaving go of the steering wheel whilst so doing. The question is, how can he do this with only one arm?

Well, with practice he will not find it abnormally difficult to change gear with his foot. The motorist with one arm can rest assured that he would soon acquire the art. Of course, we are assuming that he has selected a car with really easy steering gear.

In the Spring  
a young man's  
fancy.

A new version.





## HARDLY A SUITABLE OCCASION.



*Voice from the rear:* "Say, what on earth are you taking me round this way for?"

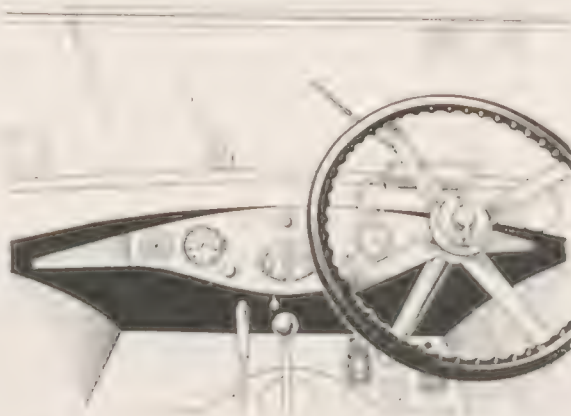
*The Good Samaritan:* "I kinda thought mebbe you'd like to see the oldest haouse in Fairfield caountry!"





## THE 16 H.P. MINERVA SALOON—THE JOYS OF MOTORING REAL.

The Minerva possesses a well-fitted instrument board—clock, speedometer, oil gauge, and on the extreme left a special device giving warning of anything going wrong in the engine



lubrication system—the white quarters turning red immediately. There is a mechanical windscreen wiper and a regulator for weak or rich mixture mounted on the (centre) steering wheel.

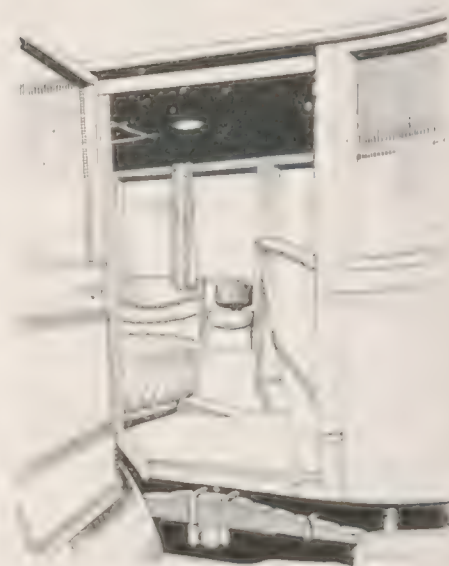


Front seats are independent and adjustable for leg room, the doors are of generous width, allowing free access to all seats, and windows are of the frameless type.

THE 16 h.p. Minerva Saloon constitutes a very fascinating combination—beauty and elegance, power and safety—while it has been produced by the best possible methods, with the finest of materials, and by some of the most highly skilled hands in the great automobile industry. Little wonder, then, that Minerva products possess such an enviable reputation for beautiful workmanship and efficiency.

Quite recently, we had an opportunity of inspecting the many goodly features of this car, also of testing its performance on the road, and we were truly thrilled. Silent and suave in motion, capable of attaining quite high speeds with a very creditable fuel consumption, and giving the acme of riding comfort, added to which there is the proved efficient Minerva four-wheel braking system—surely, then, we are readily excused for being so thrilled. Other pleasing features are the delightful suspension, light gear-changing and easily handled controls.

In a few words, then, the 16 h.p. Minerva Saloon, equally suitable as it is for touring or town work, gives to owners those most desirable of all car features, a dignified appearance, proved reliability, and travelling comfort—the joys of motoring real!



The saloon is beautifully upholstered in Bedford cord cloth and excellently sprung; there are useful fittings, such as ash trays, vanity set, and neat, useful pockets.

The Minerva radiator is of distinctive and graceful design; and there are two sets of head lamps, the lower and smaller set being of a



special anti-dazzle type—ideally suitable for all requirements, town or country, as such a clear driving light is obtained.



THE MINERVA IN THE LAND OF GATES.



For luxurious travelling in all weathers few cars can surpass the Minerva Saloon—the acme of comfort, high power, safety and silence ; added to which are the Minerva's pronounced graceful lines.



"WELL AND TRULY LAID."

## ROADS THE ROMANS TROD.

*The Roman roads of Britain are interesting subjects to study, either from the armchair or from the steering wheel of a car. They are subjects, however, of which one obtains knowledge almost as much by inference as from definite, authentic fact. History is hazy on many points in connection with them.*

HERE is a subject for the pen of a don, but none the less a subject for a man whose scholarship may be of the penny-plain sort; a subject for the driest and the dustiest of the ilk called Dry-as-Dust. Yet withal a subject not necessarily beneath the high attention of, say, a lady novelist or other dealer in High Romance. For the roads the Romans trod are alike as ancient as our civilisation and as modern as Sir Eric Geddes, so that profoundly as they might interest a Herr Professor on their archæological side, they might move a plain unlettered man to an equal degree, although in a different way. One can imagine a Dry-as-Dust starting young in an endeavour to locate all the places given in the *Itinerarium Antonini Augusti* and dying of much head-scratching at a great old age without having quite settled up with a few doubtfuls. For the *Iter*, the earliest of our road-books, is of a truth an uncommonly interesting record, but none the less also an uncommonly puzzling one. There are spades, of course, and also pickaxes, but our friend Dry-as-Dust is a poor stick at navvying. And so, and also because, the miles, whether Roman or English, of the roads given in the *Iter* are many, and because, again, our Roman remains are for the most part buried, one can conceive that Dry-as-Dust, somewhat abashed at his self-imposed task, might towards his middle-age let speculation, with its probablys and its in-all-likelihoods and its I-think-we-may-safely-assumes, alleviate the rigours of the game, to an extent at any rate, as—one shudders at saying it—scholars before him have done.

Nor is the locating of the places of the *Iter* the only task to which a man—be he high scholar or mere dilettante—might apply himself as to a forlorn hope. Many, perhaps the majority, of the places have been located—some by means of the spade, and others (one regrets having to repeat it) by inference—but no pundit, so far as

I am aware, has arisen to explain, chapter and verse, why Watling Street is so called, or Ermine Street, or Ryknield Street, or Icknield Street, or Akeman Street, or Foss Way, or Peddars Way, or Maiden Way, or Sarn Helen. Watling Street—the street-of wattles, the glib explanation of the man in the street—is not, one fancies, convincing. It may be allowed that the facile is not necessarily to be pooh-poohed for its facility, but in this instance, Watling—a street of wattles, that is to say, a street, according to the concise Oxford Dictionary, of, it may be, wicker hurdles, or, it may be, the fleshy appendages under the throats of cocks, turkeys, and some other birds, or, it may be, the barbels of fishes—frankly, my masters, I am not with you in your glibness, your facility. For, to be going on with, this reason: the Romans employed engineers in the making of the roads in Britain, not parish surveyors, so that the roads were well and truly laid

—so well and so truly, indeed, that even at this time of day stretches of Roman street paving in good condition are occasionally unearthed. Stane Street—the stone street then, if you like; but as to the other—for my part I am a Didymus in that matter.

The name Stane Street, it is interesting to note, is used severally of the road from Chichester to London, and of an Essex road, roughly from Colchester, through Braintree and Dunmow to Bishops Stortford. Indeed, Stane Street may be said to boast a third entity, for the road from Lympe to Canterbury is called Stone Street, and the difference between "Stane" and "Stone" is not more marked than the famous difference "'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee." It is not surprising, then, to find two Roman roads so far apart as Cheshire and Lincolnshire called King Street, and two roads in Wales, otherwise utterly unrelated to one another, dubbed Sarn Helen. But the most glaring instances of laxity in nomenclature are afforded by these great names Ermine (or Ermin, or Erming) Street and Watling Street. That the road across East Anglia from Colchester to, it is supposed, Holme-next-the-Sea, on the Wash, has been dubbed the Peddars Way is no matter. Nor need one quarrel with one's distant forebears the Saxons and the Danes—to my ears, untutored, Ryknield and Icknield sound Danish, as Watling sounds Saxon—because they named the road from London to Lincoln and thence onward to Winteringham, on the Humber, Ermine Street. For that road, as between London and the Humber, is fit to be treated as one continuous stretch, so well defined are the terminals. More than that it is not wholly unreasonable that the road which branches from Ermine Street at a point between four and five miles north of Lincoln, thence to journey roughly west and north to Trent at Littleborough, Don at Doncaster and Aire (lately added unto by Calder) at Castleford, near Pontefract,



*The grass-grown track of Icknield Street stretches into the distance.*



# GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE SPELLING.

should also be termed Ermine Street, as it is by some authorities. One may be excused, however, if one rubs one's eyes at finding the second half of the length of the Silchester-Speen-Cricklade-Cirencester-Gloucester road also commonly called Ermine Street; while still more puzzling is it to have the continuation of the other Ermine Street across Durham and onwards into Northumberland, to Hadrian's Wall, regularly spoken of and written of as Watling Street. For utterly disconnected as the Silchester-Gloucester road is with the London-Lincoln-Winteringham road, not less hard to find is a relationship between the Durham and Northumberland Watling Street, so-called, and the great western road of the Romans from London to Wroxeter (*Eborac*) on a bank of the Severn high "proud" Shrewsbury.

But there it is—Watling, whatever its derivation—and of a certainty the name is not Roman—is a very old name as applied to the "street" from London to Wroxeter. It is so used in the Treaty of Wedmore, which King Alfred made with Guthrum, the Dane, in 878, after the English victory at Ethandune, and the name, it is clear, enjoyed a high measure of favour among our ancestors. They christened the road from Canterbury to London Watling Street, as well as the road from Chester to Manchester, a road from Manchester to Ribchester in the Ribbles Valley, a road southward along the Welsh Marches from Wroxeter, and others besides. It is interesting to note in this matter of nomenclature that the name Fosse Way is used solely in connection with the road, also great, that the Romans made from Lincoln, through Newark, Leicester, Cirencester, Bath and Ilchester to the mouth of the Axe, and that that name alone among the names of the Roman roads as we have them smacks of the tongue of the high adventurers who made the roads.

In the *Itinerary*, so far as it relates to Britain, no road is specified by a name. It is conceivable, however, that the Romans, who continued to occupy Britain for a considerable period after the compilation of the *Itinerary*, themselves gave the Fosse Way its name, and it is not unlikely that they also named others of their roads, although such names are unknown to us. Neither Foss (as the Latin is often spelt) nor Fosse is good surmise. Spelling was a go-as-you-please matter in this country until

comparatively recent times, even as to place-names and surnames. Mainwaring, the name of an old Cheshire family, was from time to time spelt with no fewer than sixteen variations, so that the turning of *fossa*, the Latin, into "fosse," as the French turned it, or the dropping of the final vowel is neither here nor there.

But while it seems pretty certain that the Saxons, and not unlikely the Danes, between them gave our Roman roads the names we know them by, neither of those peoples regarded the "streets" and the "ways" as "eligible building sites." Take the case of the sixteen-mile length of the Fosse Way from Lincoln to Newark—the "Ramper," as it is nowadays locally termed. Within a mile of that road, south-east and north-west of it, there stand seven villages, some if not all of them either Saxon settlements or Danish, whereas on the road itself, except Bracebridge, an extension of Lincoln, and Swallow Beck, a quite modern suburb of Lincoln, there is not one village of any sort, size, or description. Leeming Lane, as the length of Ermine-cum-Watling Street from Boroughbridge to Leeming is called—not locally only, but also by the many who regularly ply by motor car northward-ho! on their way to Scotland by the road that has come to be called the Great North Road—is in like case, and so is the "street" (London to Wroxeter) that you may well choose to regard as the most authentic of the several

Watling Streets. Between Kirkby Hill, on the far edge of Boroughbridge, and Leeming, 15 miles, Leeming Lane is as deserted of villages as though it traversed a morass, and Watling Street, for an even longer stretch, is scarcely less solitary than the road across the Grampians, as you will know if, having driven from Blair Athole to Dalwhinnie, you have also journeyed with the great western road of the Romans (as you may have, quite comfortably too, and withal at fairly high speed) from a point a little under eight miles north of Daventry, on the Holyhead road, to Atherstone. For on that long stretch—the length is roughly the same (23 miles) as the distance from Blair Athole to Dalwhinnie—houses are few indeed and of villages there is deuce a one.

Here there is another nut for Dry-as-Dust to crack, if he can. Why were the Saxons and the Danes so shy of the straight lines of communication that they took over—in not hopelessly bad condition, it may be assumed—from the earlier conquerors of Britain? I confess to occupying a point from which the question might conceivably be argued, but seeing that the question is a scholar's, that I myself am no scholar, and that I am jealous of my own thunder—such as it is—I hesitate, out of fellow-feeling, to steal any other man's. All the same, not the straightness of the Roman road, admirable as it may be in a sense, is the road's most interesting feature. It is the most striking, admitted, and striking too is the forthrightness with which the Roman engineers carried their roads across the tops of the hills instead of along the shoulders. One fancies, however, that any schoolboy who during the late war was of an age to digest the war news—one would envy such a youth his digestion—might explain the latter phenomenon on strategic grounds—how familiar, how trite the terminology!—and as to the straightness, it also, one may venture to suggest, is too striking, altogether too obvious, to be faithfully, downrightly described as interesting. The nomenclature of the roads, on the contrary, because it is haphazard, and also because it is in the nature of a mystery, is above a little interesting; while not less interesting, I may modestly assume, is my explanation of the Saxons' and the Danes' shyness of "street" and "way." Let the dons at their high tables be prepared against the day on which I unfold it.

VIATOR.



The Roman Way near Bicester.



LIENS FOR REPAIR AND RENT CHARGES.

R E P A I R E R A N D O W N E R .

*By a Barrister-at-Law.*

*One of the most powerful rights which the law confers upon a repairer of motor cars is the right to withhold delivery of a car from its owner until payment is made for the cost of repairs which the repairer has performed.*

SUCH a right is known in law as a lien and extends only to that article or vehicle which has been repaired. By the exercise of this right on the part of the repairer an owner can be entirely deprived of the use of his car until the repair bill is paid. Garage owners and repairers are well aware of the existence of this right of lien, and are not unwilling to make use of it where they think fit; and, therefore, because its use is sometimes extended beyond its legitimate limit, motor owners would do well to take notice of the exact application of the right and its limitations.

Firstly, a lien can only arise when the repairer has lawfully obtained possession of the car. So if the car is brought in or sent in by the owner or his servant the lien could arise, but if the car was obtained by misrepresentation or fraud or theft no lien can be created against the owner. So if a car thief took a car, which he had stolen, into a garage for repairs the repairer could not hold the car against the owner; for the owner had not parted lawfully with his ownership.

Similarly, if a repairer executed repairs which he was not asked to do, or which were beyond the orders which the owner gave, the repairer cannot hold the car from the owner. Even if the repairer incurs expense beyond the cost of the repairs, such as paying rent, insurance, or transport charges, such expense, being unauthorised by the owner, will not suffice to create a lien.

The chief point to remember is that no lien can arise against an owner without the owner's consent. Such consent is assumed from the fact of an owner's authorising expense in connection with his goods. Accordingly, where the owner is robbed of his car against his will, no lien can arise against him and he can reclaim the car irre-

spective of any charges or repair bills.

An instance of the misplaced efforts of the over-zealous repairer was given recently in a case in the King's Bench Division. An owner took his car to a repairer who, unknown to the owner, sent the car off to a sub-contractor to have the repairs done. When the car was ready the repairer took the car from the sub-contractor and gave it back to the owner, and received payment from the owner. The repairer, however, did not pay the sub-contractor, and some months later it happened that the sub-contractor had orders from the owner to do certain other repairs to the car.

When the sub-contractor thus got possession of the car he attempted to hold it from the owner under a lien, not only for the latter set of repairs but also for the former job which he had done under orders of the repairer. It was held by the Court that he could not exercise a lien for the former job, because the owner on that occasion did not know that his car would have to be handed over to the sub-contractor and, therefore, could not have authorised the handing over of the car to such sub-contractor.

Had the owner known that a sub-contractor would have to do the work the sub-contractor could have had a lien against the owner for the repairs he had done; as it was he could not; for no lien can be created unless the owner authorises the possession out of which the lien will arise.

In general, a lien is lost as soon as the goods come back into the possession of the owner, and when that happens the lien is gone entirely and cannot revive if the goods happen to come subsequently into the repairer's hands, even if the re-delivery to the owner was done by mistake. But if an owner fraudulently induced the repairer to re-deliver the car the lien

of the repairer will not be extinguished. There is one exception to the rule above stated. An owner can agree with the repairer to take the car away for a limited time only, and such retaking of possession by the owner will not extinguish the repairer's lien, and when the limited time has expired and the car comes back into the repairer's possession the lien will revive, and the repairer can continue to hold the goods against the owner until the repair bill is paid.

But there is one special point which repairers sometimes forget, and which owners should bear in mind. No lien can arise in respect of rent charges. Sometimes a car is simply put into a garage for safety, sometimes it may remain in the garage after the completion of repairs.

In neither of these cases can the repairer withhold the car from the owner on account of non-payment of these rent charges. His lien only extends to work done by him, and only for the amount of the charges for this work.

Repairers are very often in the habit of charging rent either during or after repairs, but they are not legally entitled to charge for rent while they are exercising their lien. So when they write and say, "Unless your car is taken away we shall charge rent," it is very doubtful whether they are within their rights, especially where re-delivery is made conditional upon payment of the repair bill.

If the customer agrees to pay rent, then the repairer is, of course, entitled to charge rent; but even then he will not be entitled to exercise a lien for his rent charges. Repairers feel that their garage room is often as valuable as their labour and replacement material; but the law allows them no lien for storage fees and owners should certainly resist any attempt to enforce any supposed lien of this kind.





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Major Harvey was the first driver of a British car, the Alvis, to win the 200 miles race at Brooklands—which he did on "BP" at a speed of 93.29 m.p.h.—which for a car not

fitted with supercharger still stands as a record for this race.

Last October the same driver was successful in breaking 39 records in one day, when he covered 700 miles in under eight hours—a speed of over 88 m.p.h.

Mr. Gordon England, with his Austin Seven, apart from his other successes, set up no fewer than 21 records on "BP"—all at a speed of over 80 m.p.h.

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THE JOYS OF THE OPEN ROAD.

# CARAVANS AND CARAVANNING.

By An Amateur Gipsy.

*For those readers who have in mind a caravanning holiday this summer, the following authoritative article will assist in the preparation thereof. It would be wise to make one's preparations soon, for many motorists are already contemplating a vacation "on the open road."*

SINCE we first went caravanning some twenty years ago, "the complete art of caravanning" has changed its character somewhat, just as transport has done.

But caravanning, whether of the old-fashioned type with horse vans, or newer fashioned, in which motor-vans and motor trailer-vans play their part, still remains one of the most delightful and, in a mild sense, adventurous ways of spending a summer holiday and of seeing something of one's own and even of other lands.

Many poets have sung of the joys of the open road. And one can catch something of the spirit of the gipsy life in the pages of George Borrow, who has been called "the vagabond author"; and in the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was always adventuring either in fact or fiction.

In the past we have watched the miles slipping away alongside our caravan in many of the counties of England.

There is, indeed, something intriguing in the mere word caravan, conjuring up memories of camels and desert sands, blue, unclouded skies and vast open spaces, and, coming nearer home, of uplands, moorland wastes, smiling valleys, bold headlands and commons upon which the grey geese strut and yellow gorse blooms abundantly.

To enjoy caravanning to the full presumes the possession of a streak of the gipsy spirit. And, strange to say, many who possess this are unaware of the fact till they have "the face of earth around and the road before" them, as Stevenson puts it.

We have met all sorts of caravan folk, from the real gipsy article to millionaires; but most even of the

latter have caught something of the lure of the open road.

To-day the tendency is towards motor traction. But we ourselves have still a liking for the older form of horse-drawn van, with its leisurely progress along the highways and byways, the sounds of the crunching road beneath its wheels, and its picturesqueness.

The pioneer of caravanning was undoubtedly Dr. Gordon Stables, the once well-known writer of boys' books, who for a period of some forty years practically lived in his succession of caravans, one of which, the most famous, was named "The Wanderer." It was a fine saloon type of van built to his order and fitted so as to allow of living in it almost the whole year round.

There are many nowadays of similar type, both for sale and hire, although there is said to be a shortage this year owing to the housing problem, which has caused quite a number of people to purchase a van to live in when they cannot find a house!

A good van of this type is about 18 ft. in length, extreme breadth 6 ft. 8 in., and height from the surface of the road to the top 10 ft. 6 in. The only disadvantage of a van of this size is that it cannot be turned in an ordinary country road, and its height sometimes causes the roof to be swept by low-hanging branches of trees.

Vans divide themselves very naturally into four classes: One-horse, or gipsy type of vans; those drawn by two or more horses; and motor vans or "trailer" vans to be used with a car.

The gipsy type of van, of which we give an illustration, is generally light in draught and very carefully planned as regards economy of space. A van of the type we have in mind may be anything in length from 8 ft. to 12 ft. over-all inside measurements, and in breadth from 6 ft. to 6 ft. 6 in. over-all outside measurement. A medium-sized van of this type will carry comfortably four to five persons during the day. Of these, three can sleep in the van and the other two out, either at a

cottage, inn, or in a tent.

The chief advantages of vans of this type are their lightness, general handiness and comparatively low cost, either to purchase or hire. They can generally on average roads be drawn by a single horse. They are large enough for comfort, yet there is no waste space. Built on the gipsy pattern, they are smart, picturesque-looking, and generally well ventilated.

The hire of vans, like most other things, has "gone up" since pre-war times. A single-horse gipsy type of van nowadays costs anything from £2 10s. per week to £3 10s. per week, and these rates must be increased at least 50 per cent. for the month of August. The two-horse



*With a trailer van the minimum of discomfort is assured. A happy snack in a happy camp.*



## PRACTICAL DETAILS.

and more saloon van will cost from £5 5s. to £12 12s. per week, according to size and fittings, and here again an increase of at least 25 per cent. must be allowed for in the height of the season.

The hire of horses depends so much on local conditions and supply that it is difficult to estimate, but 30s. to £2 per week per horse is a moderate estimate; and keep, say, £1 to 30s. per week per horse must be added. This may be lessened if the horses are turned out at night and the "keep" in the field is good. Incidental expenses—*i.e.*, re-shoeing of horses, turning out fees, brake blocks, lubricating oil, and similar items—will make a hole in £2 to £3 per week. For many holiday makers, no doubt, the motor caravan or the "trailer" van, which can be attached to any touring car of 16 h.p. and upwards, will present many attractions. The more modern type of caravanner goes in for mechanical traction, and nowadays his needs are fairly well catered for.

The motor caravan may be divided, at the present day, into vans proper and vans which are "trailed" by cars.

There are various advantages in both kinds. The motor caravan is self-contained, more substantial, and can be much larger.

The advantages of the "trailer" type of caravan are that it is handier, much less costly, avoids the expense of an additional licence, and enables one to live in a caravan whilst still having the separate use of its motor power (the car) for excursions and other purposes. The last advantage is of considerable value.

Many owners of "trailer" vans tow them to a suitable spot, fix them up, and only return to them week ends, going to town or home at will.

Though the larger type of motor caravan is more cumbersome than a horse vehicle of the same accommodation, it may be claimed for it that for continuous touring, and when long distances are to be covered in a comparatively short time a well-appointed motor caravan cannot be bettered. It may be anything from 11 ft.



*The larger motor caravans are, of course, the best for long tours—perfect comfort and utility.*

to 20 ft. in length. The larger and heavier vans are usually made of teak, or mahogany, and steel; the lighter types of three-ply and steel, or even three-ply and stout waterproof canvas.

The cost of motor caravans varies very considerably according to the chassis upon which it is built, and the fittings. The smaller type of van can be purchased for about £500, and some of the larger cost £2,000 and upwards.

The excellent Eccles "trailer" vans, for use with one's own car, which fill a long-felt want and are gaining in popularity, vary in cost from £175 to £275, and upwards. For even the first-named figure one can get a wonderfully



*The gipsy type of caravan referred to on previous page.*

serviceable "trailer" in which four beds can be made up. It is a very roomy van for its size, made of waterproof canvas, and lined inside with ornamental woodwork. It will carry six people on the road, and run with astonishing smoothness.

We have now dealt with the more technical side of caravan holidays. There is certainly no kind of holiday capable of affording such pleasure and benefit as regards health, provided the Clerk of the Weather be in a good mood.

A very important matter is the constitution of the party. Uncongenial com-

panions would soon become anathema. One may not have to "rough it" much; but one must be prepared for the ups and downs of the road, which try the temper. Also it will not always be fine. Therefore choose your companions and guests wisely.

Another important point is the camping place. The main qualifications one should look for are quietude, space, a good and plentiful supply of water (most important), a near-by possibility of shelter for those who may be sleeping under canvas, in the event of a sudden break in the weather.

A farm generally affords an admirable "pitch." From it one can usually obtain one's daily supplies of milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables.

It should, however, be remembered that the grant of the use of a field or stack yard does not give the right to roam all over the place, nor to annex firewood, or anything else one may need, without permission.

The question of cost cannot be stated without allowing some little latitude. But it may be said that for a one-horse van party of four persons the cost for each per week ought not to exceed £4 to £5 10s., according to the type of van, the standard of living, and the running expenses of putting up for the night, etc.

If one remains for a week in one place the cost will be found to be lessened.

The cost of a party with a motor van will be found to vary according to the mileage covered.



# A RELIC OF THE OLD HOSPITABLE DAYS.



HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER.

**T**HIS stately old group of buildings was erected in the turbulent days of Stephen, but to-day it typifies a "haunt of ancient peace." It consists of a quadrangle of picturesque almshouses and a wonderful great Norman church. The "brethren" wear long gowns of black or dark red, with a silver cross on the left breast, and the sight takes one back to the old, old days, for their dress has never been altered since Cardinal Beaufort restored the Order in 1440. The old kitchen, with its sanded floor and fine display of pewter, and the dining hall, with its central fireplace, are well worth seeing. At the entrance gate, beneath Cardinal Beaufort's Tower, the traveller may ask for and receive the "wayfarer's dole," a relic of the old hospitable days when the monks indeed were the friends of the poor. This consists of a piece of bread and a horn of ale, to help dusty travellers on their way, and it is still provided on demand, but in limited quantities.

Hours could be profitably spent inside the wonderful great Norman church, for it is a veritable feast of architectural interest. Some of its glass, too, is very old and very good, and the whole building makes one want to linger there to admire and to return again and again.



## THE NEW 13.9 H.P. OVERLAND—SUPPLIES A LONG-FELT WANT!

**D**ESIGNED in the main to bring motoring with a maximum degree of reliability within the reach of the motorist of moderate means—and this class of motorist, by the way, is increasing in enormous numbers—the new 13.9 h.p. Overland, built entirely on British lines, promises to fulfil a very long-felt want; and, moreover, to fill the bill admirably!

It is not necessary to mention here all the items in the specification of this new model, as this was dealt with very fully in our March issue; but it might be as well to repeat those of prime importance to prospective owners—it has four cylinders, of 75 mm. bore and 102 mm. stroke, detachable cylinder head, side valves, Zenith carburetter, Bosch magneto ignition, thermo syphon cooling, and forced feed engine lubrication.

In the matter of performance we can make some very interesting remarks, because we have put this car to an extended trial—a matter of some 600 miles—during which time it was put to every conceivable test for its general efficiency. Hill climbing is a pleasure, the second gear proving sufficiently low to master all the hills between London, Gloucester, Cheddar, Wells and London—and this with a full load of passengers! Gear changing is another pleasing feature, while the fuel consumption



*Showing the neat instrument board and the conveniently placed controls. Note the windscreen wiper, the deep bucket seats, and the handy parcels recess in the dashboard.*

for the whole run averaged some 30/32 miles to the gallon; the oil consumption being negligible. Fifty miles per hour is easily obtained, and with the second gear permitting an

easy 35 miles per hour, a fast running time can always be maintained.

Passenger comfort has been thoroughly studied, and is of a very high degree, each of the five passengers having ample leg room and comfortable seating capacity. There is an efficient detachable rear windscreen, which, when erected, provides complete protection to the rear seats, while the well-fitting all-weather equipment permits the open touring car to be quickly transformed into an efficient closed carriage. A further pleasing feature is that there are side doors, a spacious pocket to each, side curtains opening with the doors, while there are several other exclusive and praiseworthy features as depicted in the accompanying illustrations.

Due, undoubtedly, to the well-known Triplex springs (a prominent feature of Overland cars) the car holds the road remarkably well at all speeds, and the balloon tyres give that delightful finishing touch so essential to smooth running.

In appearance it resembles the deluxe model, and may only be distinguished therefrom by the white metal title "Overland 13.9," which is neatly mounted on the radiator; and, in conclusion, at the price of £270 (at works) this new Overland model constitutes a really attractive proposition.



*Beneath the driving seat there is a specially constructed compartment in which a spare two-gallon tin of petrol and a can of oil may be carried—a very useful feature.*



*Tools, each to its own exclusive rack, are housed in the back squab of the front seats, as illustrated. Note also the efficiently designed rear windscreen.*



*The all-weather equipment, when not in use, is carried at the back of the car, behind the rear seats, where there is ample room for carrying other odd impediments.*



A DELIGHTFUL PICTURE OF A DELIGHTFUL CAR.



*The new 13.9 h.p. Overland five-seater touring car, designed entirely on English lines, and capable (as we ourselves have proved) of putting up a good all-round performance, looks like receiving immediate popularity—which it truly deserves.*



"THESE WATERS, ROLLING FROM THEIR MOUNTAIN SPRINGS—

## M O T O R I N G      W I T H      E V E .

*From Keswick to Windermere, Kirkstone Pass and Caldbeck.*

*We meet a great poet, an essayist and a mighty hunter.*

EVE and I think that Keswick has the most beautiful situation of any town in the British Isles.

Its northern aspect is closed in by the massive outline of Skiddaw; to the west the vale of the Derwent stretches out, threaded by the river from which it takes its name; and Derwentwater, wrapped in soft beauty, is the picture framed by its southern window.

We spent the last days of April and the early weeks of May in the picturesque little town, or I should say, rather, that we made it our headquarters for many motoring excursions round and about Lakeland.

I should like also to write of the long mountain climbs and rambles we took in spots which are inaccessible to cars, and, indeed, to any other mode of locomotion; but the limited space must be devoted to roads and not to rugged, boulder-strewn paths, or grassy tracks.

However, I cannot forbear to make one exception to this rule, but it shall be brief. One day we hunted the fox over the fells of the Helvellyn range. And this was hunting with a vengeance, with no extraneous help from quadrupeds; Master, huntsman, whips, and hunt all followed the hounds on foot; a horse could not negotiate this country of many mountains and precipitous crags. Sport enough to satisfy the most strenuous of sportsmen, but no job for the weakling.

Before now Eve and I have participated in more than one 25 mile chase after the stag on Exmoor, but never have we been so utterly done as we were after that day in the Cumberland country; and never have we more appreciated a lift home in the car when we once more reached level ground at its con-

clusion. It must be added that, tired as we were, we both agreed that we had never enjoyed ourselves more.

But, nevertheless, in spite of fatigue, we were up with the lark the following morning, feeling distinctly on the stiff side, but ready for the less strenuous, but just as delightful, sport of motoring.

We set the car going along the Windermere road, past the quaint Town Hall which divides into two the wide Keswick High Street. This building has for material the stones of a mansion which once belonged to the Earls of Derwentwater.

It was a long stretch back through the Avenues of Time, and a very unhappy one with which to sully the beauty of a lovely spring morning, but Eve's thoughts travelled from the Keswick Town Hall to the headsman's block on Tower Hill, where the last Lord Derwentwater paid the penalty for espousing the Stuart cause in 1716. He was only 26 years old.

Lord Nithsdale, another leader of the rebellion, and a fellow prisoner of Derwentwater, was more fortunate, owing to the aid of his wife. The

enterprising lady visited him in the Tower, and sent him forth dressed in her clothes.

We took the Windermere road, but at Thirlmere turned off to the right for the one which we owe to the enterprise of the Manchester Corporation, who built it when they took over the lake for the water supply of that fine, if grimy, city.

The engineering feat which accomplished this object cannot be said to have spoilt the natural beauties of the spot. Across the lake, Helvellyn, the scene of our fox-hunting exploit, towered to its 3,118 feet, proud of the fact that it is one of the highest mountains in Lakeland.

We joined the main road again and ran along with lofty hills at each side, and, in due course, came to Grasmere, one of the smallest, but perhaps the most lovely of the lakes. It certainly has not the grandeur of its surroundings which characterise some of its companions, but Eve said its meadow-bordered shores and solitary islands were sweet and "homey." What it lacks in size it makes up for in depth. At one spot it is no less than 180 feet.

Taking the left side of the beautiful lake we came to Dove Cottage, the home, for six years, of the poet Wordsworth, and afterwards that of De Quincey, who occupied it for twenty.

The cottage is open to visitors, but we decided not to go in. We both preferred to picture Wordsworth in the scenery which inspired his poesy; and the genius of De Quincey, brilliant essayist, needs to be kept apart from the habits of De Quincey the man. although, alas! it must be admitted that they inspired some of his most wonderful work.



*Derwentwater as seen from Castle Head.*



—WITH A SOFT INLAND MURMUR—WORDSWORTH.

As Eve very justly said, in these days the author of *The Confessions of an Opium Eater* would have had to think his great thoughts in a prison cell. We moderns take a paternal interest in the failings of our clever sons and daughters, to ensure that the stupid ones shall not suffer from similar follies! One supposes we are right.

In any case it would have seemed an undue prying into a dead and gone private life to have visited Dove Cottage; the decanter of laudanum, which always stood at De Quincey's elbow when he was writing, might have obtruded its ugly presence.

Nevertheless, our thoughts were busy with the two great contemporaries as we bowled along by Rydal Water. We remembered poor, wayward De Quincey's *faux pas* in his degree finals at Oxford. It has been put on record that he did the written papers brilliantly, but on the day when he should have attended for his *viva* he was taking a long country walk!

And on our way we caught a glimpse of the grey towers of Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived for the last forty years of his life, and indeed died. The gorgeous country we traversed is instinct with associations of the great nature poet; from its wonderful panorama of lake, mountain, and woodland he found inspiration. Here was no bookworm moulding his literary wares in a musty study, but a man who found the melody of nature at its source.

Eve was sure that she saw a wraith-like form at every beauty spot we passed on that run. She described it as old in figure, with shoulders which had acquired a stoop, more from the result of constant meditation than from the action of passing years. A gentle dreamer who rather shunned his fellow creatures, preferring to be alone to shape and elaborate verbally his poetic lines as he meandered along.

But sometimes the ghosts of other dead and gone literary giants would be the companions of his wanderings, Robert Southey, Hartley Coleridge, De Quincey.

Far be it from me to throw doubt on Eve's visitors from another world. Youth sees visions

denied to older eyes. Only I do hope that she closed her dainty ears to any comments which may have escaped their spirit lips concerning our presence on the scene. They were addicted to calling a spade a spade in the early eighteen hundreds, and I am sure our car would have annoyed them.

We ran on through Ambleside, a town much modernised to meet the demands of tourists, and passed along by the sparkling waters of Windermere until we came to the place where three roads meet just before the village of Windermere is reached. We took the one to our left which runs over the Kirkstone Pass, and so on to Patterdale at the head of Ullswater.

We climbed the long gradients of the Kirkstone Pass, and passed the heights of Raven Crag on our left and Caudale Moor on our right. Then dropped down the two and a half miles to the gloomy little lake known as Brother's Water.

Then from wild massive mountain scenery we came to green meadows, delicate spring colouring, and, once more, glittering water.

Of all the beautiful roads which pass through Lakeland we personally found the one that runs round Ullswater the most beautiful. At some points it rises high above the lake, giving most wonderful views of the three sections of water below, and of the mountains which partly encircle them. We had climbed round to the other side of Helvellyn, which was now on our left. Then the road dropped down to lower levels, and for a time we left Lakeland and ran into Penrith. Turning north

once more, we followed the branch road on the left which leads through Skelton to Caldbeck.

Caldbeck, apart from the fact that it is one of the northern outposts of Lakeland, would have little claim to fame were it not that it sheltered John Peel. Yes, the same John Peel to whom we, and our fathers before us, have accorded 'musical honours' at many festive gatherings.

The writer, although his voice is unquestionably of the corn-crake variety, has joined in singing the chorus of that old song in many climes, and has often wondered how many of his fellow-exiles who roared:

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey,

Who hunted on Caldbeck once on a day,"

knew that the hero referred to was no fanciful creation of the song-writer, but in his day a very much alive Cumbrian worthy, who lived in a real village, and spent best part of his life hunting on the lowlands of his native country.

The fine old M.F.H. was gathered to his fathers as long ago as 1854, but his memory has been kept green by sportsmen the world over.

I told Eve that in the days when we used to polka, the music to which we jigged was that of John Peel. To my astonishment, she imparted the fact that she had fox-trotted to the same old tune; but that it had arrived in London *via* the U.S.A., acquiring in transit new metre and words. So far as I could gather, John Peel had become an Alabama coon who loved his

mammy to the point of distraction, and spent his time hunting words to express his emotion, rather than in following the beasts of the chase. How that would have amused the real John Peel!

Our motoring run was now drawing to a close. Passing through Uldale we reached Kilnhill, and so along the east Bassen-thwaite road under the shadow of Skiddaw, and back to Keswick.

Eve's comment on the day was that, unlike Wordsworth's "Old Cumberland Beggar," we could not claim:—

"That sweet taste of pleasure unpursued."

M. H. P.



Windermere. The beauties of mountain and woodland.



# THE CARE OF THE CAR.

By Ronald Cann.

## The Case against the Poppet Valve.

EVER since the introduction of the four-stroke cycle one of the chief problems of designers has been the provision of the necessary valves. There have been cuff valves, piston valves, rotary valves, sleeve valves, and poppet valves; but only the last two are now in general use. And of these the poppet valves far outnumber the sleeves, despite the fact that the latter are positively operated, while the former still rely upon a clumsy arrangement of springs for closing.

The reasons for the popularity of the poppet valve are not difficult to understand. It is easily accessible, easily made, easily adjusted or replaced, and easily understood. Adjustable tappets will take up any slight manufacturing differences in the length of the valve stems, in the outline of the cams, in the tappets, or any stretch due to use. Then again, it is comparatively easy to make a poppet valve a gas-tight fit on its seating, so that very high efficiency is temporarily obtainable for racing or competition purposes. But it is not at all easy to keep it gas-tight or highly efficient for long periods.

Here we come to the real defect of this type of valve. Though it will do its work satisfactorily for a very long time if properly looked after, it needs far more cossetting than most motorists are prepared to give it. Most cars will run for very long periods without any attention and still seem highly efficient, but the condition of their valves is far from perfect for most of that time. The efficiency is in spite of, and not because of, the valves. The hammering undergone by the valve and its seat at high engine speeds naturally causes considerable noise, which it is very difficult entirely to cloak, and also upsets the fine adjustment of the valves and tappets. Most cars require—though they do not usually get—some slight tappet adjustment every five hundred miles or so, some even more often than that, though large slow turning engines require adjustment less often than small high speed ones. Three thousandths of an inch for the inlet valve, and four thousandths for the exhaust, looks easy enough in the makers' handbook, but there are very few cars in general use which come anywhere near this, as can very easily be verified with a feeler gauge.

Of the ninety per cent. poppet valved

engines at Olympia last October, fifty were of the side valve, and forty of the overhead valve type. Though in practice the greater simplicity of the side valve design renders it easier to maintain than the other, side valve engines, *ipso facto*, are less thermally efficient than those with overhead valves. The valve pocket, particularly when the sparking plug is situated in the inlet valve cap, necessarily absorbs much of the power giving explosion heat, while overlap valve timing—in which the suck of the departing exhaust gases is utilised for starting the movement of the gas in the induction pipe—is practically useless.

The shape of the side valve combustion chamber is nothing like the theoretically perfect hemisphere with sparking plug in the middle, and the proportion of exhaust gas remaining in the combustion chamber at the beginning of the induction stroke is high. There is also some risk of piston distortion due to the heat retained by the valve pocket. On the other hand, it is fairly easy to make side valves reasonably quiet in operation, and the whole design is extremely accessible.

Overhead valves, with which it is possible to get an approximately hemispherical combustion chamber, and also to employ overlap valve timing, suffer from various constitutional drawbacks. Chief of these is the difficulty of operating the valves. Side valves are operated easily enough by a camshaft at the side of the crankcase, but with overhead valves this entails a somewhat Heath Robinsonian arrangement of pushrods and rockers, as well as the usual springs, collars, and cottars on the valve stems. And it is very difficult entirely to eliminate side thrust on the valve guides when rockers are used.

An alternative method is by means of an overhead camshaft or shafts. In either case this is more expensive than pushrods and rockers, while unless two shafts are used it is difficult, though not impossible, to place the sparking plug in the middle of the cylinder head. Many overhead valve engines, indeed, have their plugs sticking out from the cylinder block at the most surprising angles, very like a row of hat pegs.

The size of the valve head is definitely limited with the overhead design, unless a hemispherical head is departed from, and for the same reason it is extremely difficult

to provide more than two valves per cylinder. Modern overhead valve engines are, as a rule, very efficient, but they suffer from inaccessibility and noise. Considering the cumbersome methods of opening and shutting the valves the latter is not surprising.

The development of the small high-speed engine has brought to light, or rather resuscitated, an old failing of the poppet valve—that of getting the tappet to follow the closing face of the cam at very high speeds. Owing to the expansion of the cylinder, valve stem, tappet, etc., as the engine gets hot, positive poppet valve operation is almost an impossibility. Hence all poppet valves have to be closed by a spring of some sort, and those double and even treble concentric springs are not uncommon, it is extremely difficult to get rid of all bounce or lag, both of which cause a falling off in efficiency.

Against poppet valves the indictment is thus long and heavy. They are noisy, difficult to keep in a high state of efficiency, and almost impossible to operate positively. They possess definite limits as to size when a correctly shaped combustion chamber is required, they have an aggravating multiplicity of parts, their very shape interferes to some extent with the free flow of gas. And yet, after all these years, they are still by far the most widely used form of valve. Despite the proved reliability and excellence of various forms of sleeve valve, manufacturers still insist on giving us cars wherein the valves are nowhere near as permanently efficient as the rest of the car. The clutch, gear box, back axle, all these will do their work uncomplainingly for a very long time without other attention than periodical lubrication. But valves have to be continually fussed round and petted if they are to do their duty with anything like reasonable efficiency.

What will be the ultimate solution of the valve question it is impossible to say. Possibly some form of supercharged and superextracted engine, in which one inlet valve and one exhaust valve, both at some distance from the cylinders, will deal with as many cylinders as may be necessary. At any rate, whatever the future may bring forth, it is fairly evident that we are approaching the limit of usefulness of the poppet valve in its present form.

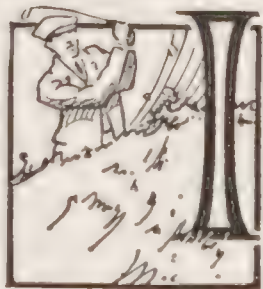


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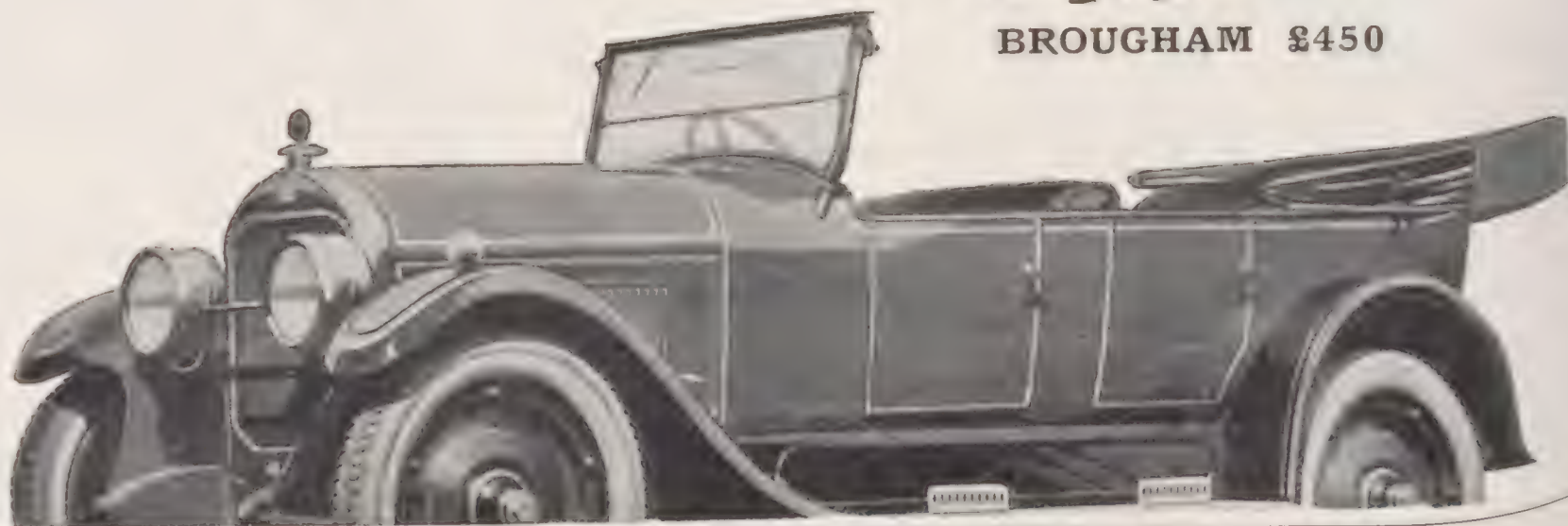
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## PEDDLARS ON PETROL.

By Douglas Forster.

*We are going to have a real motoring holiday this summer. It will not be the orthodox tour, in comfortable Rolls-Royce, nor the 'cross-country flight of the speed merchant—a roar, a flash, and a mile a minute. We are going to be idyllic, to find the poetry that is in our beautiful island, to explore the wilds where human beings scarcely disturb, once in three months, the solitudes of the deer.*

THE call of the Northlands has been ever with us. From the train we have seen the lonely valleys stretch away from the line, their farther ends hung in mist. We have leaned from the carriage window, drinking in the air that carried to us the thyme, the heather, and the moss half drowned in a peat bog. Ever its voice has called to us: "Come. Open that door and come. Here we offer you freedom and space and the days of the long-forgotten past." And always we have gone on, and the glens are still unknown to us, the crags are still unclimbed. This year, at last, we are going. We shall be free from tourists and railways and hotels. We are hiring a motor van, one of those covered delivery vans that dart about our streets. The back part will be cleared of its shelves and will hold our camping kit. There will be plenty of room for sleeping bags, some cooking pots, and the essential Primus. For we are going to be primitive. No hotel dresses or hard collars for us. Comfort for us, first, last and all the time.

What of the expense? Do we not know these West Highlands in the season? Are not the inhabitants true children of the rieving caterans of old? True. But there, too, we shall score over the unimaginative, for our holiday will pay its own way. We are going to turn hawkers, and sell our wares to the unsuspecting dwellers in the clachans. Books are our wares; theology for the ministers whose taste has few chances of gratification during the annual visit to the capital, and for the rest fiction, for the West Highlander has at last succumbed to the modern craze, and no bookseller and far apart, and there will be much thumbing of our wares before we take odd shillings in exchange. We shall not make much, but there will be enough to buy us petrol from the sundries. We had thought of other wares. One scoffer at our plans

suggested laces and buttons, but we, ourselves, love old books, and we shall love helping others to buy them.

And our route?

Nothing is clearly defined so far, for we know few of the roads, and we wish to be free to change, everyday if we like, our minds. Generally our idea is to set off from Edinburgh along the broad highway through Falkirk and on to Stirling, then by the narrow road to Callander, getting a foretaste of how narrow and winding roads can be in this Northland. Up then through the Pass of Leny (a rough road, says our guide book, but a lovely one), Loch Lubnaig, Balquhitter and Glen Ogle. Here we are in the camping grounds and our holiday has really begun. In the lonely glen we make our first experimental camp fire, wrestle with the Primus, make a simple meal, then, lying on a rug, watch the wonderful twilight creep down from the North,



The Pass of Glencoe.

blotting out in haze the mountain tops and the distant woods. Then a night under the stars, truly *à la belle étoile*, a long-lying awake—for who sleeps on his first night in the open?—the querulous crying of the hill birds and the undercurrent of the whispering burn alone breaking the silence. Then the slow-rising dawn, with everything waking to life about us. We shall be sleepy all day, but next night, in Glencoe or perhaps the Moor of Rannoch, we shall make up for it.

To-day we must begin our business of peddling. After breakfast we scan our stock of books to renew our knowledge of the titles. At first it will be an effort to hawk our wares, but the licence gives us courage, and we shall break our shyness on friendly-looking houses only.

To-day we go by the Bridge of Orchy and over the Glencoe Road. The map does not call it "first-class," but our "van" is built for the roughest track and, with careful driving, we will go anywhere. It will take us, at least, to Ballachulish. There we cross the Ferry and head for Ben Nevis and the Fort. Along we go beside the panting Glen Spean railway, by straggling Loch Laggan till we strike the Highland Line. Our route is vague after that. We have relatives in the neighbourhood, which calls for a momentary return to respectability, but we mean to make for Wick and the Caithness coast. John o' Groats, too, must be visited. Then westwards to the unknown, where the place-names speak of villages apart from the world—of Tongue, and Erribol, of Durness and Cape Wrath. Thence we turn towards home by Laxford and under Ben Stack to Lairg.

We may break west again to Oykell and Ullapool or Marce. We may trail down the Lochalsh railway to glimpse Skye, the Isle of Mist. Wherever a road beckons, we shall follow the whim of a moment, careless of programme, of night-shelter, of time. We are tired of routine and convention. Here we shall have a real holiday.



## MATTERS OF FEMININE MOMENT.

### *Shingles and Showers—Perfumes and Powders.*

TO the motoring woman the fashion for shingled hair has been sheer joy. With the aid of permanent, or Marcel waving, and a few minute hairpins, she can emerge as neat and chic at the end of a day's trip as she was when she started out, and revel in taking off her little close-fitting hat to feel the fresh breeze on her forehead at any time during the run.

March dust and April showers alike have no terrors, but May promises us new hairdressing modes, and a stern campaign is abroad to bring about the fashion for curls and elaborate coiffures. The evolution at present is a quiet one, and for evening at any rate there is something to be said for a close dressing of long hair arranged with a swathed effect round the head, and tiny curls, almost of "bingle" persuasion, at either side to frame the face. It remains to be seen how kindly women will take to the idea. For ceremonious occasions and full evening dress, shingled hair does not appear at its happiest, so that, despite its convenience, there is a compromise about its virtues.

The hairpin king of America may perhaps be regarded as a slightly biased person, although he is said to benefit more by the number of hairpins that women lose from their shingled heads than in the days of long hair, but he has recently made a prolonged stay in Europe studying the trend in fashions, and asserts boldly that in France the girls who bob their hair have but little hope of securing husbands, whilst they also stood but a poor chance of being duly embraced on St. Catherine's day! The good gentleman points out, with some ruthlessness, that women who shave the back of the neck will find not only that the hair becomes coarse, and the neck a little red, but promises a "mane like a horse" in days to come! It certainly does not sound pretty, but surely the guardians of femininity who lured us into the craze, will discover some graceful

and feminine absolution from it when the time arrives.

Another of the matters to which we have to give our serious attention in the spring, is "camouflage," for the bright sunlight warns us that our complexions, like the curtains, are not of "fadeless" material always. Careful massage will do much to eradicate not only the effect of *anno domini*, but the easterly winds and dust which were so persistent all through March and well into April. But with lighter days, the actual selection of powder and lipstick may well demand reconsideration as far as the shade is concerned, for this season we have at any rate to present the appearance of *jeune fille* complexions.

Mauresque and ochre powders are giving way to more peach-like and naturelle shades, while the most coveted lipstick is one of an orange-red, which is almost imperceptible and yet extremely attractive in use. The secret of its success is that it is a vegetable colour, giving a softer shade than the bright red that has become commonplace and *démodé*.

While talking of camouflage, by the way, the fair motorist who delights in such matters may well find entertainment in visiting the home of the many exquisite perfumes laid so lavishly at her disposal, and a trip to Grasse, in the South of France, is one of double enjoyment.

One of the most important items of the wardrobe of the fair motorist is the new corset. Seated for long spells in the car, it is of double value to her both to be comfortable and provided with a certain amount of support. Among the most recent models may be looked for a compromise between the elastic hip belt, that had so annoying a habit of creasing and riding up, and the front lacing, or step in types that needed so much adjustment and arrangement. Such a corset will button at the sides, and have a wide strip or even two strips of elastic set in at the back, and have

a centre front lacing for adjustment as it gives in wear. It is hardly necessary to add that all belts should be worn in alliance with a soutien gorge, as these are absolutely essential to the line of the season's frocks, and the youthful figure. For touring purposes, an added virtue in a corset is its possibility of easy washing, without having to undergo more lengthy treatment at the hands of the cleaners.

In May, with quarter day still comfortably in the distance, we can enjoy the dictates of fashion, which are of the order of expensive simplicity. The controversy about the full and narrow skirt continues, with the pleasing result that most women indulge in both—the tight skirt for trottoir purposes, and the full one for her elaborate gowns—though often the fulness is more simulated than actual. Wide collars are fitted to our long coats for race wear, and coats are slit once, twice, or even three times from the hem up. Large bow ties give a Montmartre appearance to simple summer frocks, and jabots and frills, of a variety of widths from very narrow to several inches, decorate the front and collar of severe little coat frocks.

Colour is all important, and with the light summer gown the iridescent patent leather shoe will be worn. Fashion is in favour of light shoes as well as light stockings, and heels are of moderate height. Green, both light and dark, bravely overrides erstwhile superstitions against it, and rose-beige, and rose-mauve are subtle and becoming shades, while the whole family of cyclamen and lilac will be worn. Black is fashionable always, but this year it is more often than not in alliance with a colour: red, green, or even with small touches of yellow. A charming georgette dress was arranged in stripes of black and royal blue, the broad pieces running down the slightly gathered skirt and forming a long-waisted brassiere of horizontal stripes in the corsage.



*MOTORING FASHION FOR THE FAIR.*

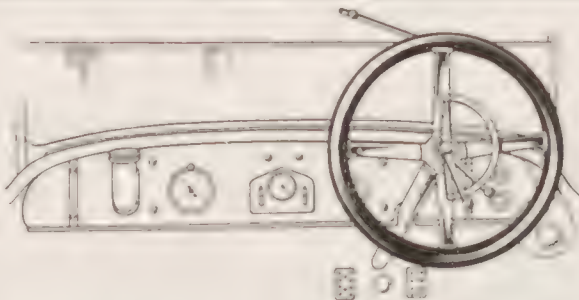


Two Reville motoring wraps as worn by the beautiful Viscountess Curzon. In the smaller picture the Viscountess is seen in her black and gold brocade wrap with a chinchilla collar, while the larger of the two is entirely of chinchilla.

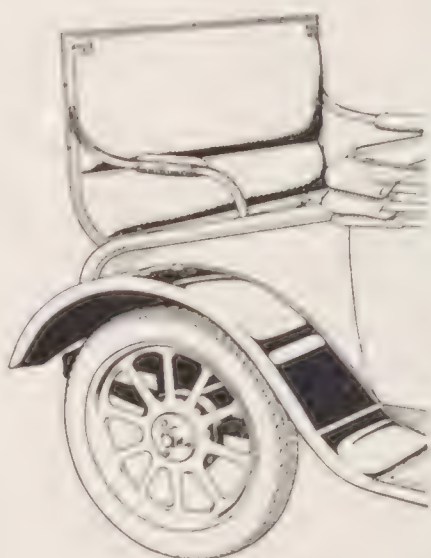


## THE 8/18 H.P. HUMBER — AN EFFICIENT LIGHT CAR !

*The dashboard is fitted with all the necessary accessories; oil-gauge, speedometer, Lucas am-*



*meter, carburetter choke and self-starter knob. Ignition and throttle levers are situated on the steering wheel.*



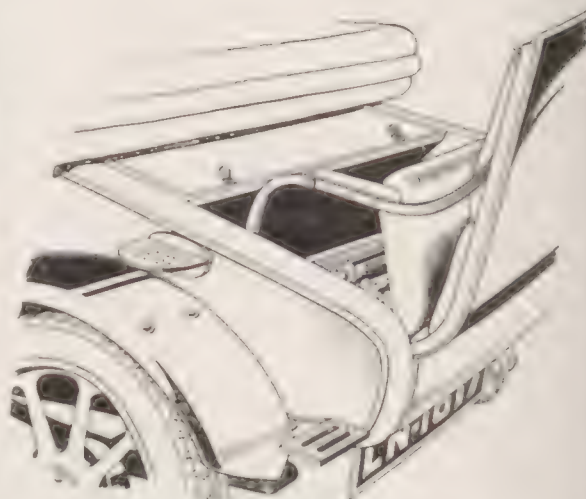
*The dickey seat is spacious and well upholstered, while there is ample leg room for two adult passengers.*

THE 8/18 h.p. Humber, identical (in miniature, of course) in design and working principle to the famous 12 h.p. and 15 h.p. Humber models, undoubtedly is one of the most efficient and reliable light auto-vehicles on the automobile market; for who can deny the supremacy of the British light car?

With so many pleasing advantages—medium original cost; low upkeep; easy and light to handle; and its ever-ready reliable service, it is truly a most desirable vehicle for the owner-driver, and it is the ideal thing for the lady motorist desiring a pleasant and serviceable help on her pleasure, shopping or social excursions.

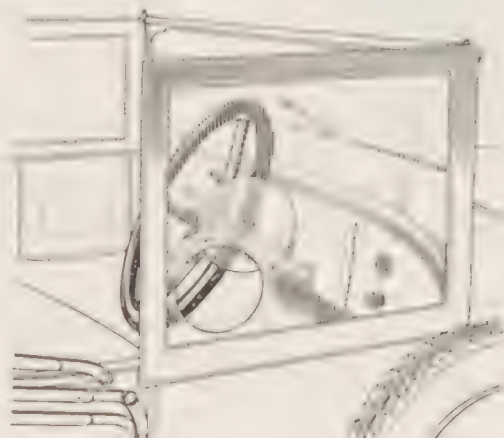
Rated at 7.9 h.p., the four-cylinder engine has more than sufficient power for all normal demands; it records an unusually economical fuel and oil consumption; the bodywork and upholstery are of the usual Humber thoroughness; while its road performance—and this feature is of prime importance to all motorists with any make of car—is the best quality of all. It is fast, and yet it may be throttled down on top gear to a mere walking pace; gear changing is simplicity itself; there is powerful acceleration; the brakes are good; naturally, it is light on tyres, and it will put a bold "top-gear-face" to any ordinary gradient. What more could be desired in the matter of performance?

There is a choice of a Chummy body, a two-seater with a comfortable dickey seat, both of which are priced at £240 complete; or, thirdly, it may be had as a luxuriously appointed three-seater saloon for £290, each model representing an attractive proposition.



*Tools are carried in a locker beneath the dickey seat. Note the useful steps via which to reach the seat.*

*When the hood and side curtains are erected, regulation signalling is*



*simplified by a special folding panel in the curtain, as illustrated.*



THE 8/18 HUMBER IN RICHMOND PARK.



The many goodly qualities of Humber cars are too well known to need emphasis, and these pleasing attributes are



as conspicuously present in the smallest—the 8/18 h.p. type—as in the largest Humber model.

The 8/18 h.p. Humber mastering Aston Clinton's severe gradient.



## THE MOUNTAIN PASSES OF WALES.

*The passes of Scotland may be wider and grander, wilder and more desolate, but they are not more beautiful; more tragic in their severity, perhaps, but not so winsome in their summer loveliness.*

THE mountain passes of North Wales are an inexhaustible source of pleasure, and they are of a very high degree of excellence. To make a tour of these passes, Sychnant, Ffranon, Llanberis, Aberglaslyn, is to have experience of the best and grandest of the mountain scenery of the land of the Celts; although one may not be unmindful of those other visions which are only seen by climbers on the higher crags.

Conway makes a most excellent starting point for a tour of the passes. Here the inland route should be taken to the Sychnant Pass at the back of Penmaenbach. This is the least of all the Welsh passes, but it must not be missed, and it forms an excellent introduction to a delightful run. The view from the top westward is especially fine toward sunset. From the high rock abutting the roadway there is a five-fold echo, a cry being flung back again and again as the voice reaches the surrounding heights, and it is remarkable how distinctly the human voice can be heard for long distances across the valley.

The old and disused copper mines in the face of the opposite hill are a memento of an industry which once flourished among these hills and dales, but which has long since ceased to repay the labour it entailed.

Dwygyfylchi, at the foot of the pass, possesses a pretty little ravine down which a streamlet makes music among the trees, and it is fittingly known as the Fairy Glen.

Thence, onward, one has the advantage of the open sea as the northern road is traced by Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfechan, with Puffin Island and Anglesea away to the west. At Bangor the sea must be forsaken in favour of the inland road which leads to Bethesda with its vast slate quarries, from which the finest roofing slate in the world is quarried. At the summit of the long nine miles ascent the Pass of Ffranon is entered. This is the gateway to a wild valley whose mountain scenery is not surpassed in this land of mountains.

The mighty range of the Glyders overhangs the valley to the south, with the Devil's Kitchen high above Llyn Idwal in its dark recesses, while across the green valley the Carnedd heights form a barrier to the winds of the north. Beneath these opposing ridges Llyn Ogwen slumbers, though in stern reality its slumbrous days are few, for Ogwen is the stormiest lake in Wales. The western gales, sweeping up the narrow pass from the open sea, burst in all their fury upon this exposed sheet of water. Its overflow makes the Ogwen Falls by whose side in olden days the most perilous horse path in Wales led downward into the valley below.

For five miles the road runs through this great hollow in the hills and, during this run, the backward view should not be missed, for Trifaen stands out in solitary grandeur to the south. At Capel Curig post office the way bends sharply to the right

and, by the Royal Hotel, gives access to a railway parallel to the Ogwen vale, but wider and less majestic. This is a delightfully undulating road, and the peaks of Snowdon afar add a distinctive charm to the scenery.

The lonely, but exceedingly comfortable and hospitable, Pen-y-Gwryd hotel stands at the head of the valley at the dividing of the ways, and upward to the right lies the ascent to the Llanberis Pass. The climb is short and easy with a grand view southward towards Portmadoc; and, from the top, the weird, rugged grandeur of this famous pass bursts suddenly upon the eye. It is a scene of untamed desolation, and the mighty boulders lying beside the road will carry one's thoughts back to prehistoric days when this pass was in the making and one by one these huge rocks, detached from the towering heights above, thundered down the ridges to come at last to rest where they lie to-day.

Beyond the foot of this pass westward lies Carnarvon, with its historic, but renovated, castle; and from Carnarvon the south road skirts the western bases of Snowdonia by the shore of Llyn Quellen and Llyn-y-Gallt and affords some excellent views of the great mountain range all the way to Beddgelert. In this grey little town a narrow and awkward bridge carries the road across the Afon Glaslyn, and in a little more than a mile the Aberglaslyn Pass is entered. This is the most beautiful of the Welsh passes, its wealth of trees being in striking contrast with the stern and desolate grandeur of Llanberis.

The felling of trees which has taken place in recent years, while considerably changing the appearance of the pass, has been sparingly and judiciously carried out and has not diminished the beauty; but, on the other hand, it has cleared away some dense obstructions and given visions of choice scenery which were formerly hidden.

Great things lie to the south by Criccieth, Harlech, Festiniog, but



The Pass of Ffranon.



# THE BEAUTIFUL PASSES OF WALES.



*The ever winding way through the Llanberis Pass.*



*The excellent road through the Sychnant Pass.*

they are out of the land of the passes and, for the completion of the round, the backward way must be taken to Beddgelert, thence northward by the charming Llyn Dinas and Llyn Gwynant, two of the most beautiful lakes of Wales, in an exquisite setting of wooded hills and towering heights.

A long gradual ascent leads from Llyn Gwynant to the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, which might fittingly have place

in the list of the great passes, and from the hotel the easterly road winds by Capel Curig to Bettws, whence Conway is reached along the valley of the Conway river.

The tour of the passes is thus accomplished, but to understand their magnificence and wonder they must be seen under varying conditions, for each season clothes them with its own glory. November's gales add a ter-

rific grandeur to these wild ways of which one cannot dream under a cloudless summer sky, and the rich colours of autumn provide another glory from that of the young days of spring, while to see these parts after a heavy fall of snow is to see an amazing transformation which will never be forgotten. Perhaps the best is to be seen when men most fear to make the venture.



*A halt by the shore of Llyn Ogwen.*



## BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Her Majesty the Queen has honoured Stratton-Instone, Ltd., with instructions to supply for her personal use a 45 h.p. Daimler car with Hooper coachwork, this in replacement of a Daimler car which has been in Her Majesty's service for many years.

### Royal Air Force Display.

The Air Ministry announces that the Royal Air Force Pageant, which was instituted in 1920, has now been renamed the Royal Air Force Display. It will take place on Saturday, June 27th, at the London Aerodrome, Hendon. His Majesty the King, Chief of the Royal Air Force, hopes to be able to attend.

This annual review of the flying units is an integral and important part of the annual training of the Royal Air Force, and provides a valuable stimulus to keenness and efficiency in the many squadrons taking part in the inter-unit competitions and displays.

A programme has been arranged which will fully equal that submitted in previous years, and new features are being introduced which will enable the public to appreciate the developments that are constantly taking place in the aerial arm.

Full details of the programme will be issued at a later date.

As in the case of the Royal Tournament, all the proceeds are devoted to Service charities.

### An Amalgamation.

It is with interest we learn that the well-known distributors of De Dion Bouton cars, Messrs. Johnson, Neal & Co., Ltd., of 168, Regent Street, London, have now been entirely absorbed by Messrs. De Dion Bouton, Ltd., 10, Great Marlborough Street, London, their Mr. J. B. Johnson, director of the firm, having been appointed general sales manager of Messrs. De Dion Bouton, Ltd.

### Are Tyres too Good?

An unusual complaint has been received by the

Dunlop Rubber Company from the Lancaster Engineering and Motor Company, Lancaster. "The biggest trouble we have to face now," says the Lancashire firm, "is that you are making the tyres too good, and that, without doubt or flattery, is our biggest drawback in selling tyres to-day. It is nothing for a tyre to do 15,000 miles, and that constitutes a year's running in a good many instances."

### Light Car v. Train.

From South Africa comes an account of a race between an Austin "Seven" and the 5.20 train leaving Port Elizabeth for Uitenhage.

The route measured twenty-one miles—a large part of which meant, for the Austin, traffic driving through main streets at the busiest hour of the day. Despite that—and also the fact that a long stretch of bad roads, consisting for the most part of pot-holes and sand, was encountered—the

Austin "Seven" beat the train by the handsome margin of thirteen minutes. An average of nearly thirty miles an hour was maintained, and a little under half a gallon of petrol sufficed for the journey. In view of the fact that the Austin "Seven" carried its full complement of four passengers, its performance is little short of marvellous.

### A New Comer.

Hupmobile owners and enthusiasts will be interested to learn that a newcomer to the British market has arrived in the Hupmobile "Straight Eight." An examination can be made at the showrooms, 78-80, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

### "A.A. Loop-Way" Signs.

The Automobile Association is erecting "A.A. Loop-Way" signs on roads where repairs are in operation to indicate by-roads clear of obstruction. These signs, by diverting "through" traffic, are very helpful in expediting repairs, and have already been approved by 15 counties and a number of metropolitan boroughs.

When approaching road repairs, therefore, motorists are advised to look out for the "A.A. Loop-Way" signs.

### An Achievement in Aviation.

News has reached us of the successful completion of an aeroplane flight from Brussels to Leopoldville, the capital of the Belgian Congo.

The machine used was a new type of three-engined Handley Page, driven by a 360 h.p. Rolls-Royce "Eagle" IX master engine placed in the fuselage, with two smaller auxiliary engines mounted above the wings.

The aviators flew south from Brussels, entering Algeria at Oran, and making a flight of 800 miles across the Sahara. The total distance amounted to 5,100 miles, the last 700 miles being across dense forests where no kind of landing was possible.

The reliability of British built aircraft and aero-engines is again demonstrated by this flight.



THE famous "Firs" on the Heath, adjoining the Spaniards Inn, is a well-known landmark with Londoners, from which a magnificent panorama view delights the eye.

The car is the latest 40 h.p. 6 cylinder Fiat Sports Model, fitted with front-wheel brakes, and one cannot help thinking that, much as Dick Turpin admired his Bonnie Black Bess, he would have chosen this greyhound of the road as he dashed past the Spaniards Inn on his historic ride.



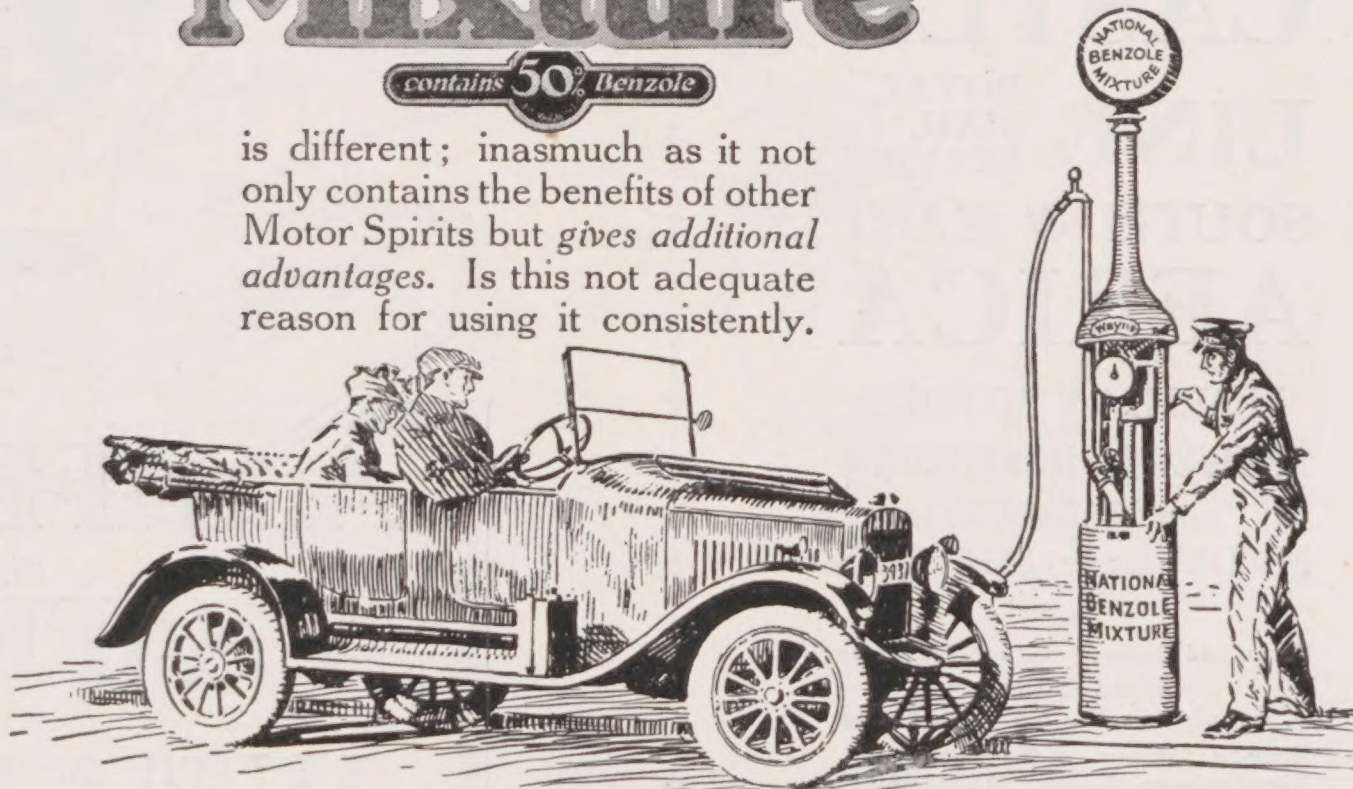
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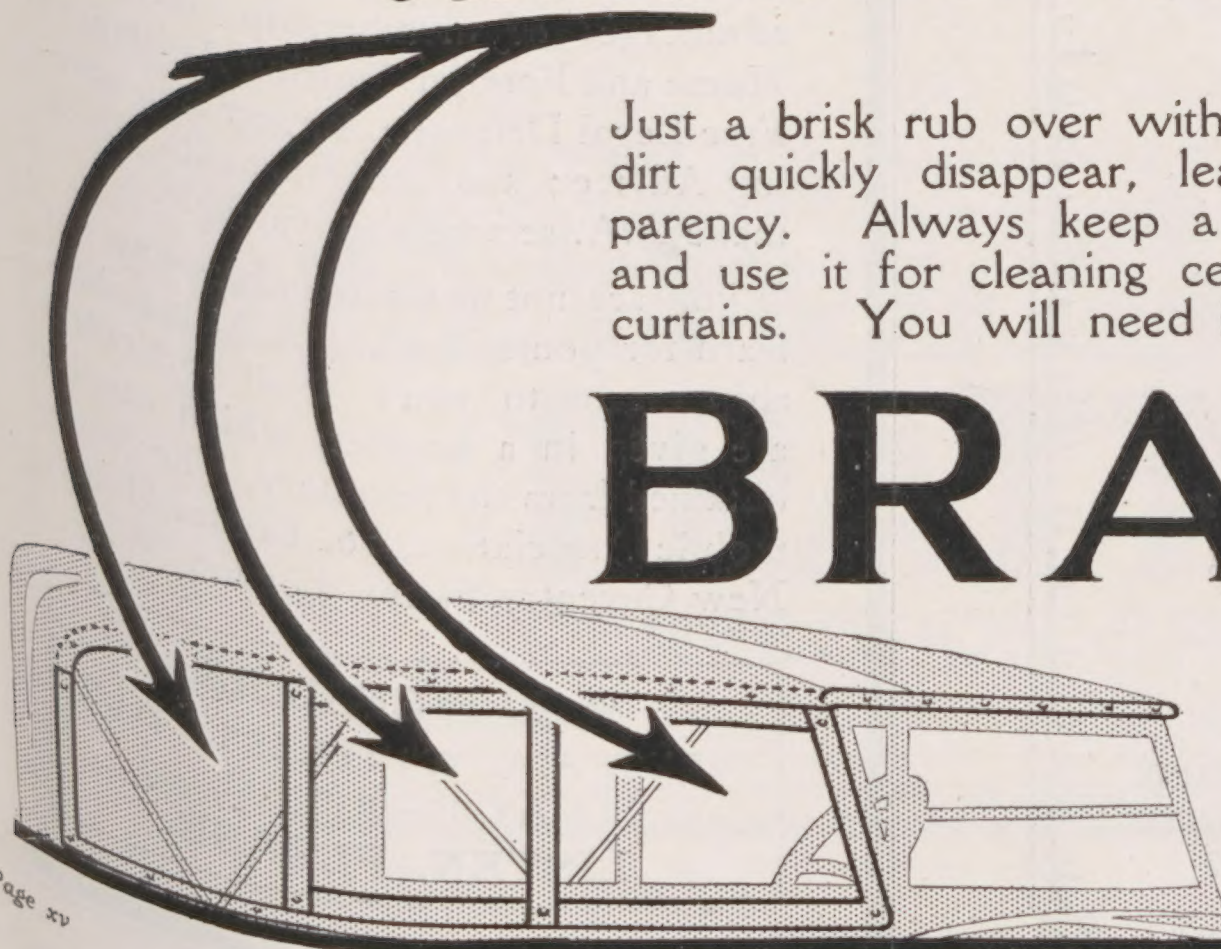
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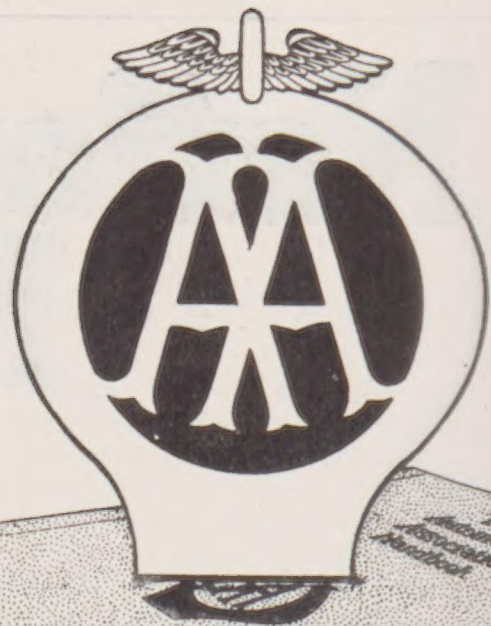
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MAY 16—10.10 P.M.  
**LISTEN, PLEASE.**



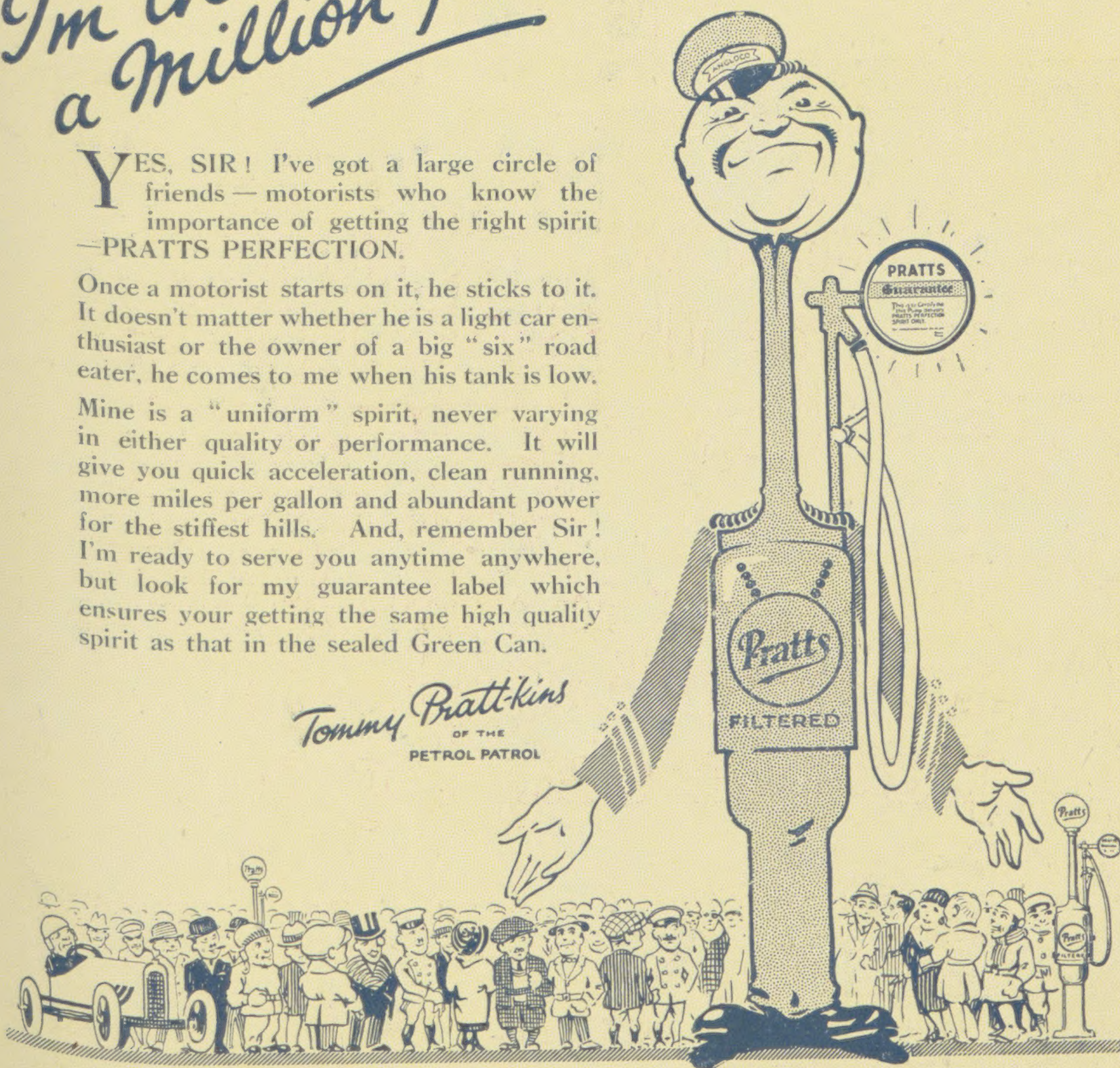
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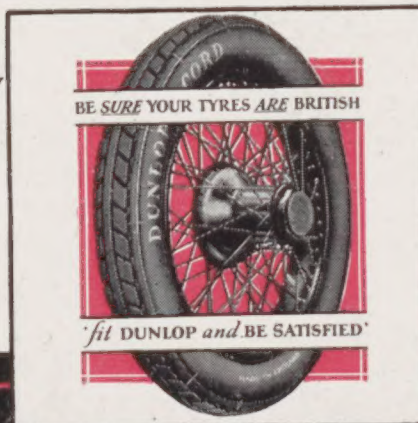
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